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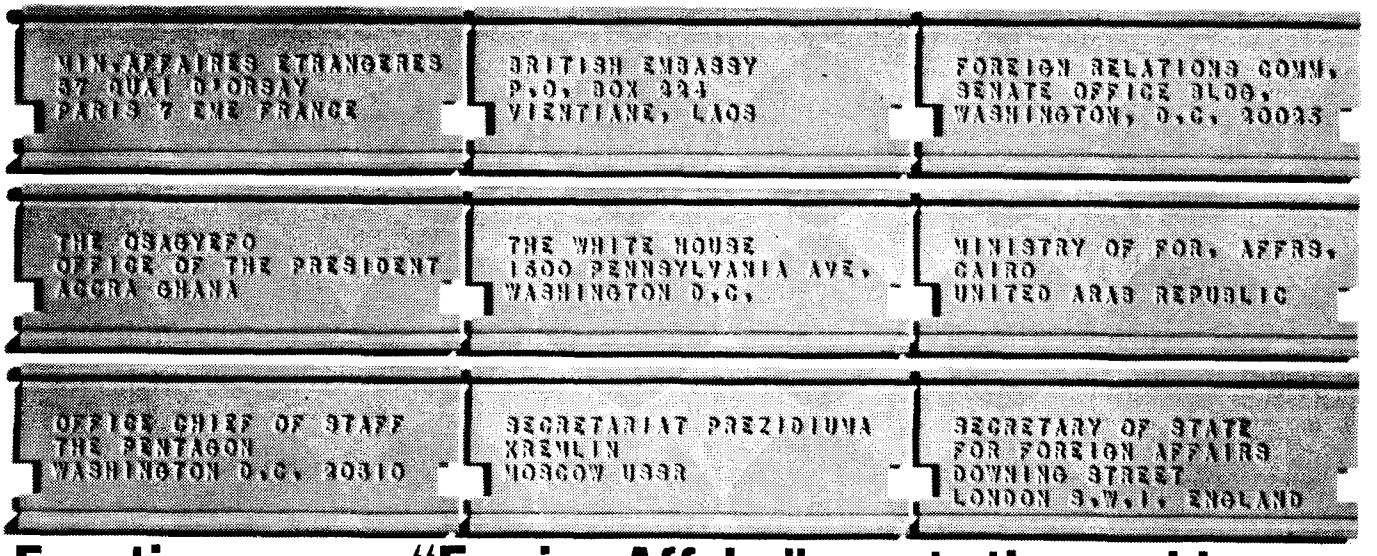

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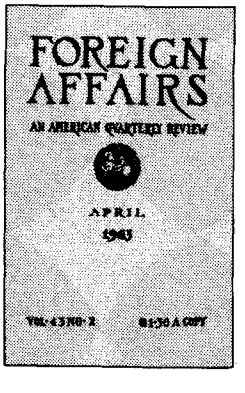

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

HUAC Rides Again

★ A diplomat's wife we know, before returning from the Middle East, received a signal honor from the throne. She was inducted into "The Order of Chastity – 2nd Class."

Cynics might say this was a case of first class, or nothing. But nations differ. The same charming lady noted in a Sofia newspaper an attack on something as "un-Bulgarian." Un-Bulgarian. What does the House Committee on Un-Bulgarian Activities look like, we wonder?

In Washington, HUAC rides again. This time it is after the KKK. Fine! say the naïve. But is it? Why didn't the reputable Judiciary Committee take on the job? We believe that the HUAC operation is the obvious, logical, and inevitable preliminary to HUAC's real purpose, to investigate Communism in the civil rights movement. The Southern-dominated group is aching to go after Martin Luther King. The recent "Red" charges by Southerners against Negro organizations, in the *Congressional Record* Appendix, come from HUAC's massive files.

Nobody doubts that Commies are trying to infiltrate civil rights – it's a natural for them. HUAC is biding its time. It's good to have the KKK looked into, of course, but not by a lynching mob.

Spring Is Here

★ Events are whipping by on Washington's domestic front, like cars on a speedway. You can't keep up with it. The first robins, the first high-school sightseeing buses, the first LBJ bills. Yes, it's time for the DAR's annual raid, April 19. Spring. It's here.

Let's try to give a quick run-down on some things you may have missed. The Bureau of Internal Revenue, for instance, has withdrawn tax-exempt status from oil millionaire H. L. Hunt's "Life Line." This ultra-conservative propaganda reaches five million people daily. Interviewed by the *NYTimes* in Dallas, Mr. Hunt sadly attributed the Treasury step to "liberal enemies." Well, we don't know anybody who has given him more attention than TRB.

The ruling won't hurt Hunt much. It means that contributions to "Life Line" are no longer tax deductible. But Hunt lets his food-processing subsidiary sponsor the program, and then writes the cost off, presumably, as a business expense. Advertising . . . Sure enough, when we turned him on recently we heard an attack on British "Fabian Socialism," sponsored by "HLH Gastro-Magic Tablets."

Treasury Secretary Dillon, leaving office, made a surprising farewell speech. (Why do officeholders suddenly become liberal when they quit? Eisenhower, you remember, startlingly warned against the military-industrial "complex.") Once safely headed out of Washington, Dillon denounced two current tax inequities: "Clearly, we do not give adequate tax relief to those with very low incomes." How true. And, second, he pointed to the enormous tax loophole now offered in the treatment of capital gains at death. Dillon suddenly sounded like Paul Douglas, or Leon Keyserling.

The Unjust Draft

★ One of the biggest injustices in America at the present time is the draft act. We ought to be getting the official finding of a million-dollar Pentagon study of it soon. In the meantime, Jim Patton, head of the National Farmers Union, has sounded off. He points out that conscription falls largely on low economic groups. The well-to-do boy goes to college, gets deferred; starts a family, escapes altogether. But the unemployed Negro is in quite a different category. School, college, a job? Not for him. "It is a travesty on our democratic society, and our very way of life," says Patton. (Selective Service Director, General Hershey, you remember, called it a "phony lottery.") With conscripts maybe to be shipped soon to Vietnam, it is high time to review the matter.

On another item, the Electric Consumers Information Committee last week got out a national comparison of household light bills. It doesn't take long to tell the story. Electric bills are generally cheaper where the government has moved in with yardstick plants. The rates are highest in New England and New York. "The Northeast does not yet have a single federal power project," the report comments drily. "Northeast consumers do not yet have the yardstick of competition-by-example which federal power provides." But who cares about high light bills in Boston, Providence, New York?

Just a word, now, for W. Willard Wirtz, Secretary of Labor. (Incidentally, he is successor to Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg, whose previous role we mysteriously identified as "Attorney General" last week.) Mr. Wirtz is one of our favorite cabinet members. He has been out in California, inspecting the filthy camps offered migrant workers, the worst-abused labor in the US. Mr. Wirtz is under tremendous pressure by Western farm corporations to bring back the outlawed *braceros*. There are 40,000 men now unemployed in California, but the theory is that Americans "won't do stoop labor."

They will do it all right, if paid decent wages. But the operators virtually threaten a strike, with crops rotting in the fields, if Mr. Wirtz doesn't cave in. We hope he doesn't, and think he won't, if he gets proper backing from the White House. A few cents more for a head of lettuce would be worth it to help families of migrant workers.

Every editorial we've seen condemns the proposed civil rights boycott of Alabama. We rather like it; the threat, anyway. Governor Wallace agreed to see the marchers the minute the idea hatched. Coincidence? Maybe; but it is funny what happens when you tweak the pocketbook nerve. . . .

Finding of the House Committee on Government Operations, March 22, on polygraphs: "There is no 'lie detector', neither machine nor human. People have been deceived by a myth that a metal box in the hands of an investigator can detect truth or falsehood. . . ."

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Investigating the Klans

The House Un-American Activities Committee has voted to investigate the Ku Klux Klan, or more precisely Klans, and the Johnson Administration is gratified, not only because there will be an investigation, but because this is the Committee which will conduct it: five out of HUAC's nine members are Southerners, and the Committee's past has rendered it proof against charges of softness on Communism or indeed on liberalism. The Committee's past, however, now suddenly seen as such an asset, is one of continual abuse of power. It is a past of procedural lawlessness, wild accusations and contempt for the rights and reputations of witnesses. This is the granddaddy of McCarthyism that has now been entrusted to do battle in a worthy cause.

HUAC enlisted, by unanimous vote of all its members, making it all the more urgent to ensure that history will not in this instance repeat itself. The Committee could and should, to begin with, seek a broader mandate for this inquiry, resting it not on the vote of the Committee members alone but on an authorizing resolution of the House as a whole. One of the things wrong with HUAC, the Supreme Court held in the *Watkins* case of 1957, is that its charter, in which the operative word is "un-American," is vague and general enough to enable the Committee to roam wherever it pleases. There is thus open, the Court said, "a wide gulf between the responsibility for the use of investigative power and the actual exercise of that power." The power to subpoena, to question, to punish, through publicity, is an awesome one, and the responsibility for unleashing it properly belongs to the whole House, not to nine Representatives acting in uncontrolled discretion. The *Watkins* decision was qualified two years later in the *Barenblatt* case, but *Watkins* is right on principle and remains on the books. It may return to haunt the Klan investigation, if HUAC proceeds entirely on its own authority.

The Committee's first step has been to order its staff, aided by the FBI, to conduct the necessary preliminary inquiries. While awaiting the results of these inquiries, the Committee should formulate and publish fair and decent rules of procedure. A fitting model might be the rules prescribed by Congress for the US Civil Rights Commission in the Civil Rights Act of 1957 and 1964: that Commission, Congress provided, must allow witnesses to be accompanied and advised by counsel, who is to have the right to examine his clients, to object to questions asked by the Commission and to argue briefly the basis for

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such objections. If there is to be evidence at a hearing that may "tend to defame, degrade or incriminate any person," the Commission must first hear such evidence in executive session. It must give the person concerned an opportunity, also in executive session, to refute the evidence, and it must hear additional witnesses presented by him. Only after having tested the evidence in this fashion may the Commission decide to make it public, and then the Commission must permit the person concerned to refute it in public and to submit the sworn statement of other witnesses in support of his side of the story. And Congress made it a criminal offense for anyone to leak information taken by the Commission in executive session. These excellent rules should be adopted by HUAC. Let the light shine on the dark underbelly of Southern society, but let the Klan be taught a lesson in the procedural decencies of democratic institutions.

Fed Up with Aid?

Senator Fulbright got nowhere with his demand that the $3.4 billion foreign aid package be divided into separate legislative bills, one for economic aid and the other for military aid. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee last week voted down, nine to four, its chairman's plan, by no means unexpectedly. As Senator Fulbright had already said he would not floor manage the Administration's aid program as a single package, that task presumably devolves on Senator Sparkman, a Democrat whose zeal for the Administration's aid program may be chilled by such considerations as that he is up for reelection next year, and that his state of Alabama has never liked foreign aid and is at the moment no lover of the Johnson Administration either. It seems clear that Senator Fulbright shares the disillusionment with foreign aid that is seeping through Congress and the country, and he will be relieved to be no longer the Senate's whipping boy for the program. Military aid helps perpetuate what he regards as the myths of the cold war, and economic aid annoys him by appearing ineffectual, especially the third which is spread thinly over 65 countries. Above all, US preoccupation with foreign affairs takes attention away from what Senator Fulbright last year called the lengthening agenda of neglected problems at home. Even if nothing befalls the foreign aid program in Congress this year, the spectacle of the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on strike against it dramatizes a widespread mood and poses an urgent question: Has foreign aid a future?

It can at any rate boast of its past. The Marshall Plan pulled Europe back on to her feet, but Japan's prodigiously fast recovery owes as much to the helping American hand as the German "economic miracle." Herein lurks a clue to more recent dissatisfaction. Because Europe and Japan were able to rebuild their economies so quickly, it was expected of the 60-odd other countries receiving aid that they would prosper similarly. Most of them, however, aren't rebuilding but learning to build for the first time, which is vastly more painful and inevitably much slower. Not a decade but a generation is the briefest time likely to elapse between the beginning of an aid program and an underdeveloped country's "take-off" into sustained growth. Is this too long for impatient members of Congress, who insist on discussing each year what exactly has been achieved with the sums they voted the previous year, before they will vote another installment? Probably it is, and last week in Washington the British economist Barbara Ward suggested that aid should be multilateral, with the developed countries each contributing at least one percent of gross national product (which is a good deal more than the US makes available now). Multilateral aid, which Senator Fulbright also favors, would have several advantages. Lending countries would be less subject to crude blackmail and abuse (Nasser has yet to accuse the World Bank of neocolonialism, or tell it to jump in the ocean). And countries receiving aid could free themselves of suspicions that its main purpose is to dispose of someone's otherwise unmarketable surpluses, or to plant in their midst CIA agents disguised as technicians, to keep them from having left-wing governments.

State and Psychiatry

Following complaints about its use of psychological tests, the State Department has changed its rules. Formerly, if the department's medical examiners thought that a person was betraying signs of being under emotional stress they would ask him to go to a psychiatrist of their choice, who in turn might send him for psychological testing to a psychologist under contract with the department. Henceforth, an employee of the department whose superiors suspect him of being emotionally upset will have the option of attending his own psychiatrist, instead of the department's.

This is probably a step in the right direction, but only a step. There is still a danger that whatever diagnosis a doctor makes of a patient's mental make-up will be judged by the State Department's somewhat misty concepts of the ideal norm for its employees, and that anyone who fails to match the department's image will be deemed unsuitable for further employment. This could operate like a variation of Gresham's Law – Rusk's Law, perhaps – of the conforming mediocre driving out both the exceptionally good and bad.

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Toadying to Tobacco

The tobacco industry may win a major victory by getting Congress to prevent the Federal Trade Commission imposing a cancer warning in cigarette advertising. Last year, following the Surgeon General's report linking cigarette smoking with cancer, the FTC proposed regulations that would require the industry to put health warnings both on cigarette packages and in advertising. At the request of Oren Harris, chairman of the House Commerce Committee and a strong tobacco industry supporter, the Commission delayed putting the rules into effect until July 1 of this year so that Congress might have a chance to legislate. Mr. Harris's House committee now is almost certain to report out a bill requiring the industry to place some sort of health warning on cigarette packages, but it will specifically forbid the FTC from putting into effect its advertising rules. In selling cigarettes, advertising is what counts.

There had been some hope that the Senate Commerce Committee, which last week wound up hearings on cigarette legislation, might stand firm behind the FTC. Warren Magnuson, the committee chairman, is sponsoring a labeling bill which makes no mention of advertising; by implication, if passed unaltered it would give the FTC a green light to regulate advertising. In their appearances before the committee, both Dr. Luther Terry, the Surgeon General, and Paul Rand Dixon, chairman of the FTC, made clear that cancer warnings need to be carried on package labels *and* in advertisements.

But as the Senate hearings wore on the hope that Mr. Magnuson would hold firm disappeared. Neither he nor any of his committee members – with the exception of Mrs. Neuberger – displayed any enthusiasm whatever for inhibiting the industry in its advertising. Senators Vance Hartke and Ross Bass, to name only two Democrats on the committee, seemed so bitterly opposed to any cancer warning at all that one might have thought, listening to them, that small children were about to be deprived of their milk ration. If they were to label cigarettes as poison, Mr. Bass said angrily, then they should warn people buying a clothesline that it could be used to commit suicide. And did the Federal Trade Commission experts have any evidence that chewing tobacco caused cancer? Mr. Hartke asked Mr. Dixon nastily.

Mrs. Neuberger observed that a number of popular television shows were viewed by millions of children and they were sponsored by cigarette companies. Mr. Bass began nervously to toss around in his chair. Television was a marvelous thing, he said. He was for it. And he was glad the children watched it. If they didn't look at it, then they would be out on the streets. Was that what she wanted?

Dr. William J. E. Crissy, professor of marketing at Michigan State University, said he had a great deal of experience working with youngsters. They had heard a lot about rebellious youth and it was all true. He could promise the committee that if it put labels on cigarette packages and in advertising, there would be a backlash. These young people would rise up and, just to spite their elders, would buy more cigarettes than ever before. Senator Thruston Morton said Dr. Crissy's statement contained a positively brilliant observation and he was to be commended. Moreover, it had awakened his own memory. The Senator from Kentucky had drunk more during prohibition for the sheer devilment of it than his children do today now that liquor flows freely.

Senator Sam J. Ervin Jr., who came down to testify for the tobacco people, said that for all the talk about cancer, Americans live longer than most people, and the best example of this was to be found in their own distinguished colleague, Mr. Carl Hayden, who at an advanced age was spry and hearty and still smoking. During Mr. Ervin's testimony, a photographer busied himself setting a smoldering cigarette on the edge of an ash tray and shooting mood pictures of the committee through the rising smoke rings.

Robert B. Meyner, administrator of the cigarette advertising code, which is the industry's own voluntary policing device to get the government off its back, described his work. He considered himself an impartial judge. And he had been particularly bothered by the health claims in cigarette advertising. Some of his actions were as follows:

Parliament's "recessed filter" was changed to "filter recessed." Under the code, "charcoal filter" would not do. It became, "filter of charcoal."

"Camel time is pleasure time" apparently was suggestive of something or other in Mr. Meyner's view. It was replaced by "Camel time is flavor time."

Mr. Bass was worried that perhaps Mr. Meyner was going too far. But in general the committee seemed to approve of his pioneering work; an amendment may be added to Senator Magnuson's bill specifically forbidding the FTC from putting into effect its advertising regulations, and leaving the job in Judge Meyner's capable hands.

Desegregating Agriculture

Federal farm programs, which will cost $4 billion in fiscal 1966, are virtually the private political property of Southern Congressmen. Membership of the House and Senate committees which fix national farm policies reads like a Dixie roll call. Farm funds are approved

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in the Senate by a subcommittee with a chairman from Florida and members from Georgia, Alabama, Virginia, Mississippi, Louisiana and South Carolina. The Senate Agriculture Committee has 10 Democratic members, and the six top-ranking members are from the Deep South, thus assuring a Dixie chairmanship. After Ellender of Louisiana, the roster lists in order of tenure Senators Johnston of South Carolina, Holland of Florida, Eastland of Mississippi, Talmadge of Georgia, Jordan of North Carolina. Before the committee chairmanship could shift to a Senator from a Northern state, six Dixie Senators would have to disappear.

Last month Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman announced appointment of a task force to implement Civil Rights Commission recommendations for terminating discrimination in farm programs. Mr. Freeman and his aides confront a monolithic farm-program bureaucracy in the South, backed by entrenched congressional adherents. The Commission on Civil Rights has indicted major farm programs as discriminatory, inferior or nonexistent when applied to Negro farmers. Its report says that "the gap between Negro and white rural residents in the South has increased during the very period when the programs of the Department of Agriculture were helping thousands of rural white families to achieve substantial gains in income, housing and education. As the group most depressed economically, most deprived educationally, and most oppressed socially, Negroes have been consistently denied access to many services, provided with inferior services when served, and segregated in federally financed agricultural programs whose very task was to raise their standard of living."

These are strong words for one agency of government to level against another. Federal farm programs have been accepted only grudgingly by many city dwellers and urban Congressmen. Will big-city acquiescence in commodity subsidies continue in light of the Civil Rights Commission report?

The report says that in 11 Southern states the work of the Cooperative Extension Service is carried on by separate staffs, one for white and one for Negro work, which operate from different headquarters. The segregated structure goes down to the county level. Recently when the white extension service staff moved into offices in a new Alabama county courthouse and the Negro agent inquired about space for his office, he was told to see the county judge, who advised him that no provision had been made to house the Negro staff.

In 1964, the Federal Cooperative State Research Service allocated $11,640,000 to 11 Southern white land-grant colleges; no allotments were received by Negro land-grant colleges in the same period.

Similar discrimination disfigures extension service training programs for county workers. In Alabama, white agents received two days of valuable new instruction on cotton farming techniques in January, well before the planting season. But for Negro agents this instruction came in April, after the planting season, and was covered in half a day.

Although the Farmers Home Administration is a direct federal program, administered from Washington through state and county offices all staffed by federal employees, in 1964 the South had 3,600 state and county FHA committeemen, of whom 125 were Negroes. FHA is an easy-credit program and the committees approve loan applications. The Commission made an intensive study of loan practices in 13 Southern counties with heavy Negro farm concentrations. In these counties 1,733 farmers borrowed $6.3 million from FHA. White borrowers represented one-third of the total, but they got two-thirds of the funds.

Ninety-two percent of the country's agricultural land is covered by soil conservation districts, each governed by a local board of supervisors. In the South, 88 percent of the money for soil conservation programs comes directly from the US Treasury. The Soil Conservation Service had 6,100 employees in the South last July; 40 were Negroes.

The Department of Agriculture's Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service plays a major role in the South's farm economy. In many counties, ASC programs are the largest "industry." ASC county committees wield great influence where cotton, tobacco and peanuts – the acreage-allotted commodities – are the major crops. Ninety-two percent of Negro farmers are engaged in growing these crops. Not one was on a state ASC committee.

Free Bullets

Although the President has asked Congress to put a stop to the mail-order sale of firearms to individuals, the Defense Department seems bent on expanding its own mail-order program whereby rifle clubs affiliated with the National Rifle Association, a private sporting group, get free ammunition. The Army's Office of Civilian Marksmanship, which runs this giveaway, is doling out 60 million rounds a year at a cost of $1.6 million. The Defense Department recently told Henry Gonzalez, a Democratic Congressman from Texas, in answer to his question, that it wants $100,000 more for giveaway ammunition in the next fiscal year. Neither the NRA nor the Army check on who actually gets the ammunition. Mr. Gonzalez claims some of it goes to right-wing extremists who are building arms caches against the day the Communists take over, and who have threatened his and several other Congressmen's lives.

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Britain's Angry Doctors

London

After less than six months in office, Labour is faced with a severe crisis in the National Health Service, one of the cornerstones of the Welfare State. Uttering threats of resignation, Britain's family doctors are demanding a substantial increase in pay and a thoroughgoing revision of their terms of service.

For the moment, the government has succeeded in putting the pay claim on the shelf. At the start of the year, the average general practitioner, the GP, got a net income of around $7,700 a year. The established arbitration body offered them an extra $770 each on average. This was less than a third of what they wanted. In any case it was intended to go mainly to those doctors with the heaviest expenses in staff and the doctors realized that in practice this would mean that some of them would get only a minimal increase. They protested and the arbitration body climbed down and said they could have the money without strings. But meantime the doctors, building up a considerable head of steam, slapped in another and greater set of demands which would have added on average $4,500 more to their pay. By any standards, this demand for a hike over 50 percent was enough to make a docker or railwayman (but not a politician) blush. The government had no difficulty in pushing it to one side. Backed by the Conservatives, the government has said that it is for arbitration to decide the level of payment; what it will do beforehand is discuss the whole question of terms of service.

Until now, the GP has been at his own insistence a special case in the National Health Service. Since the service began the GPs held out against any form of salaried employment. They insisted that their professional integrity could only be maintained if they were privately contracted as individuals to provide particular services for particular patients. This has meant that they have none of the advantages of regular hours and regular holidays that are enjoyed by their colleagues in the hospital service. As what amounted to independent businessmen, they were left to work out their own arrangements for cover when they wanted to take any time off.

They also chose a system for payment of expenses which works to penalize the most conscientious GPs. Rather than indent for expenses item by item as they occurred, the GPs thought it would be less irksome and invidious to take a lump sum from the government, to be shared among them equally. This implies that any GP whose expenses rise above the average pays for the additional facilities he offers out of his own income.

The doctors have now realized that their technical independence contains within it their terms of servitude. Overworked and underrewarded, they have drawn up a charter which will give them 5½-day weeks, overtime for evening and weekend work, six weeks holiday a year, and direct repayment for expenses. But they still will not move over wholesale to salaried service. Instead, they say that they should each have a choice of being paid a flat salary, or a fee per patient on the books, or a fee per item of service. Essentially they are asking for all the advantages of salaried employment.

The present Health Minister, Kenneth Robinson, is himself the son of a GP who died early from coronary thrombosis brought on by overwork. His sympathies, he says time and again, are with the doctors. But Robinson, and many of the more farsighted doctors, realize that changes in the terms of service even on this scale will not solve the doctors' dilemma, which relates much more to their position and status in the Health Service as a whole.

The GP is becoming more and more subservient to the hospital and the hospital doctor. The hospital is no longer the place you enter to die. It is where you go to enjoy the miracles of modern medicine, that the GP with little time to spare, and probably not much specialized up-to-date knowledge to draw on, cannot offer. Britain's 3,000 hospitals, however, are overcrowded and dilapidated. Nearly a third have no ventilation in their surgical units; over half the surgical units have had no modernization at all for over 20 years. Late in the day, a war on squalor is being waged. Expenditure on rebuilding, which rarely ran over $60 million a year until 1962, has now been stepped up to around $200 million a year. A 10-year plan is on the stocks to give the country the sort of hospitals it needs. In the process some hundreds of smaller and more inefficient hospitals will be closed down; the distances between hospitals in the future will be correspondingly greater.

Given the present limitations of the GP working in isolation, and the future gaps left by thinning out the hospitals, the Ministry's solution is that the GP should operate more and more in group practice. Over the past decade the proportion of GPs who chose this way

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out has risen from 25 percent to 40 percent. Group practice offers a chance for the doctors to work out a rota for overtime and for holidays, and to work up specializations within the group. It does not of itself do much to solve the problem of a shortage of doctors, except that the group system will help spread the workload more evenly. Britain is heavily dependent on immigrant, especially Indian, hospital doctors. The Indian government is now trying to keep its doctors in its own country. This could provide the government with its second crisis in the Health Service.

Meanwhile Labour is pleased that the doctors overplayed their hand so blatantly on the question of pay. In the current knife-edge electoral situation Labour cannot afford to alienate key segments of middle-class opinion. In its handling of the doctors' dispute, the government will not lose ground. It has been reasonable over terms of service and has quite properly, at a time when the country is casting about for an incomes and prices policy, stood firm against the doctors' extravagant pay demands. If the doctors carry through their strike threat they are likely to take the full blame for torpedoing the Health Service. Whatever the troubles of the Health Service, not one Briton in 20 would willingly trade it in for the unpredictable hazards of a free market. BRIAN WENHAM

US Corporations, Go Home

by Bernard D. Nossiter

Paris

All across Western Europe, a new, growing wave of resentment has been building up against American corporations which seek a foothold on the continent. The cry, first heard in General de Gaulle's Paris, has been picked up and amplified in nearly every neighboring country. Within the Common Market, only Belgium now extends an undiluted welcome to direct American investment, which is one reason General Motors is putting its new $100 million assembly plant in Antwerp. But even Belgium may be forced to change her tune under pressure of her Common Market partners.

"We don't want Texas wheeler types buying up our family firms at bargain prices. Of course, we welcome gentlemanly American companies, those that bring something constructive to the French economy." Thus did a French official recently sum up his country's policy. A Ruhr executive put it more bluntly. "We don't want big American corporations coming in here and using their power to take away our business by reducing prices. If they open up new markets with new products, that's something else again." In Madrid, one of General Franco's ministers took another tack. "Of course there are some industrial sectors where we do not welcome foreign capital. These are the areas that are vital to the national defense of Spain."

A thicket of motives is behind the new hostility toward American firms. They vary from country to country and within each country, depending on whether a businessman, politician or civil servant is talking. The suspicion and hostility are far from universal. Another Ruhr industrialist, an executive in a machine-tool firm that dwarfs his American competitors, openly welcomes every new Yankee venture: most of them become his customers. Even in France, some members of the Patronat, a business organization with influence that would make the National Association of Manufacturers envious, regard American firms as a healthy competitive spur to sectors of the French economy that are lagging. But the prevailing drift of the talk, from the Industrialists' Club in Dusseldorf to the Patronat's headquarters on Avenue Pierre 1er de Serbie, is "Yankee corporations, stay home."

The simplest explanation is that Europe is increasingly conscious of its growing prosperity and power, and is infected with a new kind of economic nationalism. In his own grandiloquent manner, General de Gaulle warned his countrymen at the end of last year against becoming "colonized by foreign investments, inventions and capacities." In fact, this contains more rhetoric than substance. Statistics about foreign holdings are unreliable. But at the end of 1963, the Commerce Department estimated direct American investment in Europe at $10.3 billion. This is perhaps one percent of all the plant and equipment in Western Europe; the American stake in any one country is almost certainly less than five percent of the total.

But American firms are highly visible in a few sectors, particularly those at the frontier of technology. American concerns, led by International Business Machines, dominate the European computer business;

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even a giant German electrical machinery maker like Siemens & Halske has had to run for cover under the shelter of Radio Corporation of America's computer know-how. General Motors and Ford make nearly two of every five cars in Germany; three American and one British company produce a third of Germany's farm machinery; American and British firms dominate German oil refining. In France, foreign corporations make 90 percent of the synthetic rubber, 80 percent of the ball bearings and 50 percent of the electric light bulbs.

"We have no intention of becoming a Canada," a French official says, "with our economic destiny determined in Detroit, Chicago and New York."

Although there is precious little prospect of this – foreign firms in France are very sensitive to the government's power – there is a widespread fear among businessmen and officials here that American firms have opened up a technological gap over the Europeans that can never be closed. The Patronat frightens its clients by telling them that the United States spends 25 times as much on research and development as France does. Similar disheartening comparisons are made in Germany. Almost everyone who rents a computer, rents American. There are stories of European firms who enter into joint ventures with American partners and discover that the Americans hold back on the latest developments in their laboratories.

There is something in the argument that there is a technology gap. But the gap runs both ways. The German steel industry puts to shame its lawyer-ridden American counterpart. The plant manager of a leading American manufacturer in Dusseldorf, with a free hand to buy the best, says that German machine tools almost always win his orders.

European bankers, operating in a full employment economy still unknown in the United States, have a different complaint. They say that unchecked American investment strains their economies. A new American factory bids for scarce German labor and scarce materials, adding to the price pressures that already pervade most of the continent. This is hard to understand for Americans with relatively high unemployment, but it is burned into the European mind, especially bankers who fear inflation. Heavier taxes or smaller government outlays would offset the American demand, but the Europeans say with asperity that they don't see why they should curb their own consumers or their own spending for roads, schools and the like, just to make life easier for American corporations.

The Europeans already feel that the American business invasion of Europe is being financed by Europe. The United States asks European central banks in the name of international monetary stability to hold and accumulate dollars, the flow of dollars abroad is increased by American companies sending the dollars to pay for their European subsidiaries, and the United States runs a deficit in its balance of payments but private American interests acquire profitable physical assets as a result. Very nice for the Americans, say the Europeans, but this is a one-sided game that gives the dollar an absurd advantage.

The Europeans were eager for dollars and for American investment when they were prostrate after the war. But that was long ago. European concerns may still want US dollars to finance their own expansion, but they don't need US firms putting up new plants.

Fear of Competition

Apart from all this, one overriding concern is that European businessmen, like other businessmen, prefer a world in which competition is praised at after-dinner speeches but killed by price-fixing and market-sharing arrangements. The chief reason for hostility toward American investment is fear of American competition. New investment especially is a target for this concern. When an American firm abroad makes its first move in a new market, it typically goes after the customers of established firms by offering lower prices. In the United States, live-and-let-live practices among nominal competitors are familiar in a wide range of industries in which a few firms control most of the output. But respecting the other fellow's customers and his price is a much more refined art in Europe. European business has always been lukewarm toward notions of free and unfettered competition. In the eyes of such businessmen, the American corporation is a dangerous stranger. It is usually much bigger than they are. There are, it is frequently observed, 49 American firms each with sales over $1 billion; the six Common Market countries together boast only 11 such firms. So, the European reasoning runs, American firms can spend lavishly on research, absorb losses in European markets with ease, and swallow up the hapless Continentals. This dirge is sounded repeatedly in the European financial press. Some of it is obvious rubbish; size is not a guaranty of competitive strength. But the fear it generates is real.

In France, every American firm must be approved by the Finance Ministry, and in recent months several proposals for American purchases of French firms have been held up, with a clear indication that the delay will be indefinite. But an American company that is blocked in Amiens can set up in Antwerp or Amsterdam and when the Common Market countries wipe out tariffs among themselves, probably in two years, the Ameri-

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can newcomer's products could flow duty-free right back into France. This is why Paris has been pushing her Common Market partners to work out a coordinated policy to limit American entry. Until recently, Germany refused to heed. Chancellor Erhard regards himself as the very symbol of free competition. But his business constituents take a different view and, for the first time, French and German officials are studying a joint approach. In Brussels, the Common Market headquarters, officials are walking gingerly around the whole problem. Agriculture apart, they are earnest defenders of the competitive faith, but are terribly tempted by the prospect of engineering a community-wide industrial policy that would strengthen their hand. The fact that Paris seeks a Common Market solution is implicit recognition, by the de Gaulle regime, that national sovereignty must sometimes yield to economic necessity. So far, however, the Commission's Eurocrats have proposed only that a close watch be kept on the statistics of American investment and that the six-member governments discuss the problem periodically.

The Urge to Merge

Throughout Europe, another solution has been proposed and is catching on. "Americans beat us because they are big," the reasoning runs. "Therefore, we must become big to match them. We must merge, consolidate, rationalize, concentrate." This is an appealing answer from many standpoints. The greater the concentration, the fewer the number of firms to be dealt in on any one deal. Moreover, European governments are generally convinced that the fewer the number of potential competitors, the more efficient will be their industries. Thus, the urge to merge is strong even apart from the American competitive threat. Several continental governments are working out new tax and government buying policies to encourage this trend. In France and Germany, concentration is going on apace.

But by far the most effective response to American investment has been General de Gaulle's discovery of gold. By sending back for redemption the dollars brought over by American firms, Paris has forced Washington to take stronger action against the persistent deficit in the American balance of payments. President Johnson's plea to banks and corporations to hold down their loans and investments has satisfied at least one of de Gaulle's desires. The German central bank and others have been quietly unloading dollars, thereby increasing the pressure on Washington.

In a more rational world, European financial policies would appear to be folly. The continental central banks are giving up earning assets, dollars that draw interest, for a yellow metal that yields nothing; and the whole operation is being conducted in an atmosphere that suggests that there is something essentially unsound about dollars, the currency of the world's strongest economy. If the notion that dollars are shaky were to spread, a run could be started that would jeopardize prosperity throughout the Western world.

There is a cheerful side to all this. As in so many areas, General de Gaulle may be leading us into a more orderly world despite himself. Cutting back investment in Europe is not likely to cause the American economy much pain. There is after all no heavenly mandate that says American corporations must buy or build plants in Europe because their treasuries have been swollen by tax benefits from generous Democratic Administrations. Reducing the flow here may induce these firms to invest more at home, where unused resources are still seeking employment; or in poor countries that can't afford to refuse outside investment.

Also, pressure on the dollar has concentrated Washington's attention wonderfully on the need for overhauling the world's monetary system. The Administration has already come a long way from the days when Robert Roosa, an otherwise perceptive Treasury Undersecretary, cavalierly dismissed a British initiative for monetary change. All the signs point to a fresh official willingness to draw up a new system in which international money – like its domestic counterpart – will be created in accordance with need. Europe's bankers and their more or less willing supporters in most finance ministries want no part of any change that would appreciably enlarge the world's supply of money. Bankers here as at home prefer a world with a slightly deflationary tilt. They like a little slackness in the labor market to keep wage demands down, and they like a good price for the commodity they deal in, which means high interest rates for money. If the Johnson appeal to the banks and corporations succeeds, Europe may get more than it bargained for. A reverse flow of funds could slow down European business activity. This might touch off irresistible demands for monetary reform that would expand – not contract – the world's output of goods and services.

Washington's proposals for monetary reform will be viewed with skepticism here until the American payments come into balance. As long as the United States is in deficit, Europe will be able to dismiss any American plan as a device to bail out the dollar.

But a shortage of dollars in Europe coupled with balance in the American payments will earn Washington a respectful hearing. And there is something ironic in this. General de Gaulle has been advocating a deflationary and nationalistic system, with his talk of returning to a gold standard. But he may succeed in the end in opening the way for a new supranational monetary order that will make easier the financing of an ever-increasing stream of goods.

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New Radicals in Dixie

Those "Subversive" Civil Rights Workers

by Andrew Kopkind

Governor Wallace has unexpected allies in his efforts to discredit the civil rights movement. They are not racists or segregationists or even Southerners, but white Northern moderates, who have decided that the movement is being infiltrated by Communists and is heading toward left-wing extremism. From Wallace, the accusations have little impact. There are scores of billboards on Southern highways this week showing Martin Luther King at a "Communist training school" and few take them seriously. But from Northerners, the charges suddenly are real, and they hurt.

"The Red issue is the one thing that could break up the movement," a white director of the Mississippi Summer Project said last month. Since then, a Pittsburgh rabbi has made headlines in every Southern paper by denouncing civil rights extremists, columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak are howling that the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) is "substantially infiltrated" by Communists, and the *New York Post's* James Wechsler, a perennial poet of liberalism, is convinced that militants are "staging an uprising against the major civil rights blocs . . . encouraged by a fragment of Communists (Chinese rather than Russian in orientation)."

Why it has taken them all so long to discover that the movement is extreme in both its concept and execution is not clear. Civil rights leaders, and particularly those in the South, have been proclaiming their radical intentions for five years or more. Before the marchers left Selma for Montgomery, King's most cautious and conservative adviser, the Reverend Andrew J. Young, told them: "Actually, we're at war. We're trying to revolutionize the political structure of America." Perhaps it is only as the movement is increasingly successful in the South – as it has been during the last half year – that its meaning becomes obvious.

When the first sit-ins began in Greensboro, N. C., and then in Nashville, Tenn., in the spring of 1960, they were denounced by older leaders of the movement (which was hardly a movement at all in those days) as tactically too dangerous. Dr. King himself withdrew support from the Freedom Rides of 1961, and it was not until a month or so ago that Roy Wilkins of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People got around to agreeing that demonstrations were a valid tactic in the civil rights war. Recent critics do not misread the signs: The history of the movement had been a record of its evolution from Tomism through tokenism and gradualism to militancy and radicalism. However, the critics do misunderstand what is happening and for two reasons: generation and geography.

Studies of the battles in left-wing politics of the thirties and forties, or factionalism within the International Ladies Garment Workers Union do not shed much light on the current conflicts within the civil rights movement. Terms of the thirties simply do not apply today. SNCC, which is rightly considered the most radical civil rights group, bears little resemblance to the popular-front organizations of a generation ago. SNCC is part of the "new radicalism," or the "student left," and is closer to Mario Savio than to Marx. It is anarchic rather than monolithic, social more than economic, downward-pointing rather than pyramidal in organization. It is supremely undisciplined. There is no plan, no program. SNCC's major effort in the South this summer will be "Let the People Speak" conferences, held in several states and then, perhaps, regionwide. "We want the people to tell us what we can do. We'll do anything they tell us," said John Lewis, SNCC chairman.

SNCC's leaders avoid rather than command the publicity spotlight. Bob Moses, the brilliant young Negro who directed the Mississippi Summer Project is so anti-leader that he has changed his name and has slipped out of the state. SNCC despises the "cult of personality" which has surrounded King, and the leader-worship within his Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC). The SNCC kids mock his Baptist rhetoric; they dislike the way SCLC "tells people what to do." Moses's idea is to keep SNCC workers in a Southern town only until they can help the local Negroes organize their own protest movement, and then leave. Now, SNCC field workers are clearing out of Mississippi, having spawned dozens of indigenous action groups and a statewide anti-establishment political party.

There are no doubt those in SNCC who have read

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Marx, and some socialist theory may inform their political ideas, as it does for almost everybody these days. It is a far cry from interpreting that vague longing for social and economic equality and the rather pervasive anti-establishment behavior, as evidence of a Communist plot, or imminent Soviet or Maoist takeover. Since Russia is now so firmly part of the establishment, Maoism or Castroism probably are closer to the romantic yearnings of the SNCC kids who bother to think about it, but there is no evidence that Mao or Castro are taking advantage of their young fans. There is no Manchurian candidate in Mississippi.

Mississippi Freedom Party

There is, however, the beloved Fannie Lou Hamer and her fellow zealots of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. The MFDP (one learns, slowly, to put up with the proliferation of initials) got 80,000 votes in the mock Freedom Election of 1963, and 60,000 in the mock congressional election last year, surely more than any other radical political party could pick up in any election in the US. The MFDP originally had the participation of most of Mississippi's older and most respected Negro leaders. Its chairman is still Aaron Henry, the president of the state NAACP. But in the past two years, the bigger names and older leaders have fallen away, and the new leadership has little respect for the traditions of political compromise. The crucial moment was the Democratic National Convention in Atlantic City, when most of the other civil rights leaders and Democratic Party operatives tried to convince the MFDP to accept the very large political concession which it had won. Acceptance meant giving up the claim to be the lawful Mississippi delegation in exchange for two national MFDP delegates-at-large, and a promise by the Convention to exclude discriminatory delegations in future years. SNCC alone was against the compromise; the MFDP delegates refused. Their point was that they had no real interest in, or hope of assimilating into the Democratic establishment. They wanted to demolish it. It was rotten to the core, not just eroded here and there. They believed in their rights to political power, and they wanted them in 1964, not at some unnamed future date. Despite a masterful plea for compromise by Bayard Rustin (who ironically is head man on Wallace's personal list of unreconstructed civil rights Communists), the MFDP decided that rights delayed were rights denied.

The Atlantic City experience embittered Moses and SNCC Executive Secretary James Forman. And it removed the MFDP from the calming influence of Joseph Rauh, who had fought the MFDP Convention fight to success beyond the rosiest dreams of his sympathizers, but had recommended accepting the compromise. Rauh was ungraciously fired as MFDP counsel, and the party hooked up more closely with the National Lawyers Guild, which has been supplying lawyers in Mississippi for civil rights cases. The Lawyers Guild has been accused over the years of fellow-traveling and many in the movement wish, more or less out loud, that it would quietly go away. The NAACP Legal Defense Fund Inc. ("the Inc Fund") has nothing to do with the Lawyers Guild, and the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee (LCDC) treats the Guild with arctic aloofness. But lawyers who will defend the thousands of civil rights cases in Mississippi are desperately needed (there are only four Negro lawyers in the entire state, and three regularly handle civil rights cases) and assistance from Guild lawyers is not likely to be rejected.

If there is any danger of Communists of the traditional (or even modern) species having influence on the movement it is through the few old-line leftist organizations which have helped the new civil rights groups. The Guild may be one; so may be the Southern Conference Education Fund (SCEF), which is largely the creation of Carl and Ann Braden. The Bradens' activities probably fill volumes in the annals of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, but to what extent they are died-in-the-wool Communists is impossible to say. SCEF has given a very small amount of money to SNCC, and has also helped in an indirect way to start the Southern Student Organizing Committee, originally a white and now integrated directorate of student protest movements on Southern campuses. SNCC and the Southern Students Organizing Committee know that the SCEF money is "tainted"; it is also, as far as anyone can tell, legal tender. The SNCC budget last year was about $750,000, and it was hard to come by. There were many half-pay weeks for workers (who usually get $10) and two weeks with no pay. It is extremely difficult for SNCC to refuse assistance even if the donor's politics have not always been conventional.

King's organization is quite indirectly tied to SCEF through C. T. Vivian and Fred Shuttlesworth who are associated with both groups. It is also vulnerable to criticism about connections with the Highlander Folk School, a kind of agrarian reform front which has been valuable in promoting Negro-white contacts, but has also ignored the pinker coloration of some of its students and sympathizers. The new billboards in the South show King at a meeting at the school (he was not a student) and the implication that he was an active participant in the school's activities is incorrect. For tactical reasons, King rarely mentions the charge, but in calmer days he would probably admit that his involvement was naïve and unnecessary.

The impact of these "tainted" organizations on the

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movement is very slight indeed. If there are any Communist agents trying to get in, they will enter because the movement is so loose; they will make use of the structural anarchy. It is not happening so far. SNCC's radicalism is its own, not of another society's or another generation's making.

To understand the Southern Negro's radicalism from Washington or New York is impossible. The current crop of critics are not only too old-fashioned to make sense out of the movement, they are also too far away. In their March 28 broadside at SNCC, Evans and Novak quoted an "aggressive young Snic worker" at a civil rights strategy meeting: "You people just don't know what it's like down South." The worker's impertinence was compounded, they said, because he spoke not just to any old Northerner, but to "respected liberals who were crusading for civil rights before he was born."

What the "respected liberals" do not know is that in the South a Negro rarely sees a friendly white face. Worse, he never meets a white Southerner who will treat him as an equal. The Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party was an inevitable development because Negroes are not allowed to assimilate into the white world. It is a mercy that the revolt of the outcasts is not more violent. It is a civil rights truism that wherever the movement goes, the community is polarized. Moderates evaporate, because their role has been built on the foundation of white paternalism and black Tomism which the Negroes must destroy to achieve equality. The segregationists are in a sense right; race relations are more strained after the civil rights agitators finish with a town. There is more tension and more conflict, but there is at least equality. The whites face the Negroes across a sea of hostility, but they face them as equals. It is a necessary beginning.

A Southern Organization

SNCC is a Southern organization working in the South. The "respected liberals" of the North never see the conditions in which they work, or what they are doing. They see King in Stockholm or San Francisco but they do not see a SNCC worker in Amite County, Miss. Evans and Novak think that "SNCC and its leaders aren't really interested in the right to vote or any attainable goal." They are dead wrong. Only SNCC, in fact, working through its Mississippi alter ego, the Council of Federated Organizations, has bothered about voter registration, county by county, with the threat of white violence always in the air. SNCC has organized the Negroes in Mississippi and has helped them form a political movement as King has never done, and as the NAACP has never even considered. In terms of local action, SNCC (with help from the Congress of Racial Equality, which is only spottily in the South) is the only successful organization.

NEXT WEEK: *Spring book number—recent fiction, biography, history, philosophy, politics*

King's SCLC is no less militant than SNCC. It is, however, less radical in its approach to the problems of society. SCLC is a strategic command; SNCC is an ideological army. King's incomparable success is largely due to his ability to convince the Northern whites that they can fight for Negro rights as a moral issue and not be concerned with the political and economic consequences. SNCC makes no such distinction, and the harshness of its demands jangles Northern ears. King is concerned with arousing the "national conscience"; SNCC wants to organize the rural Negroes in the South. As the only charismatic leader the movement has produced, King can provide the voice and create the mood which gets legislation through Congress, but he has not yet done the basic work which can change the Southern climate of attitudes.

There may come a day when radicalism in the movement passes white liberals by, and there are some who are working to keep it far hence. But there is danger in the growing gap between Negro expectations and the achievements. Legislation will not in itself do much to change the lives of Southern Negroes. As frustrations grow, so will the demands for radical action. Many civil rights leaders think that the problem in the North has only begun to be understood. If the ghettoes explode, the white liberal critics will look back at SNCC radicalism as the mildest of manners.

It embarrasses some liberals to have extremists working for the same causes they support. And the presence of politically suspect characters in the movement gives sincere but uncommitted Northern whites an opportunity to damn the whole civil rights effort. But there is no good way to make the movement moderate and "respectable." The Confederate flag still flies atop the Capitol in Montgomery, and there are no Negroes in the white waiting room in the bus station in Jackson, four years after the Freedom Ride. The successes of the past few years have been won by increasing militancy and more determined radical action, and

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there is much further to go. No one can make a security check on every SNCC worker who comes to the South this summer, and it would be difficult to enforce a uniform code of dress to weed out the "beatniks" (the one thing they are *not* is beat).

The civil rights effort is a movement, not a disciplined political party or a dues-collecting union or a closed corporation. It needs more militants and more radicals, not fewer. The responsibility of the leaders is to direct policy as best they can in constructive channels, and they have been doing just that. They can't very well choose their followers.

Sukarno's War Against Malaysia

by Jacques Jacquet-Francillon

Kuala Lumpur

Last August President Sukarno of Indonesia promised his people that he would "crush Malaysia before the first cock crowed to usher in the New Year." The new Federation of Malaysia consists of former British colonies, and Britain, New Zealand and Australia reacted firmly, with American backing. General Headquarters for the Commonwealth forces, in Singapore, has at its disposal throughout the territories which comprise Malaysia a force of 55,000 powerfully armed and well trained soldiers. The British Navy is standing guard in the waters of the Strait of Malacca, the Celebes Sea and the Java Sea, with 80 warships which include some of the strongest and most modern units of the Royal Navy. Well equipped with aircraft carriers and operating out of very strategically located bases, the British air-naval forces have air supremacy. It is generally agreed that President Sukarno will not risk a real invasion of any state in the Malaysian Federation. Yet it cannot be assumed that Malaysia is now safe.

Sukarno is to some extent correct in saying that Malaysia is not an authentic national entity. The people who elected the Tunku (Prince) Abdul Rahman as prime minister of Malaysia, speak the same language as the Indonesians, and the Strait of Malacca which separates Sumatra and the Malayan peninsula also separates families. Included in the Malaysian Federation are the 1.5 million Chinese inhabitants of Singapore, and the indigenous populations of Sabah and Sarawak in Borneo who have a traditional hatred of the Malayans.

Sukarno broke off trade relations with Malaysia the day after the Malaysian Federation was formed, and since Singapore, the largest port in Southeast Asia, owed its tremendous activity to trade in Indonesian raw products, principally rubber, this source of affluence is now almost dried up. The Chinese merchants of Singapore are haunted by the specter of bankruptcy, revenues of the state of Singapore are dropping off, and there is dangerous unemployment in an area whose population increase of 4.3 percent is the highest in the world. As a result, the *Barisan Socialis* has reappeared. The *Barisan* is simply the political façade for a powerful, basically Chinese, secret Communist organization which works closely with Peking. If Indonesia gets aid from Mao Tse-tung against Malaysia, this is how it will first become manifest.

I have just returned from traversing the mosaic of territories which form Malaysia, from one end to the other. Wherever I went, British "advisers" stressed President Sukarno's poor health, his weakened political situation in the face of the growing power of the PKI (the Indonesian Communist Party), and the economic disaster into which he has led his country. No one can deny the failure of the Indonesian economy. In a totally undeveloped country, it is impossible to allocate over 70 percent of the federal budget to the military without ruining the economy. The tightrope which President Sukarno walks, between the anti-Communist leaders of a powerful army of 350,000 men and the PKI leaders and their three million members, is an increasingly perilous one. Sukarno is a sick man, facing another kidney operation in Vienna which could be fatal and which he is reluctant to have performed. He constitutes the only remaining effective obstacle to the triumph of the PKI.

Sabah and Sarawak, two regions of North Borneo, belong to the Malaysian Federation, but Brunei, which is an enclave in Sarawak, is a tiny, British-protected sultanate. Sukarno has designs on Sabah, Sarawak and Brunei. The sultan of Brunei is Sir Omar Ali Saifuddin, who derives an annual revenue in taxes and royalties of about $35 million from Brunei's oil wells. The wells belong to the Brunei Shell Petroleum Company, and

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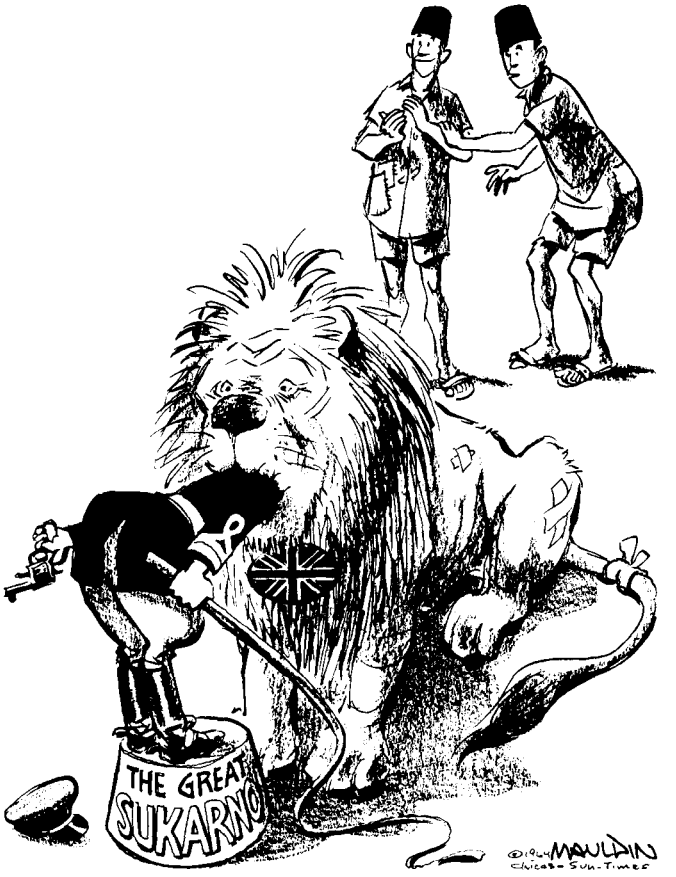
are guarded by four battalions of Gurkha soldiers recruited by Britain in Nepal.

Face to face with His Highness, I was suffocating in a tropical suit of light cotton, but he was wearing the two-piece, rugged tweed of a gentleman farmer from the Highlands posing for an advertisement of one of the well-known brands of Scotch whisky. Two years ago, he spent $47,000 to light up his city in celebration of his forty-seventh birthday, an amount approximately the same as was allocated in the budget to public health. Seven years ago, he finished building a marble and gold mosque that cost $70 million. It has an electric elevator for the muezzin who, however, does not use it save on special occasions, because his calls to prayer are recorded on a tape which an electronic timing system broadcasts to the four corners of the city over powerful loudspeakers.

In the interests of courtesy, I complimented the sultan on his exquisite mosque. His face lit up: "I built it in response to my people's wishes," he replied. Alas, in Brunei there are some people who do not share this viewpoint. They include Sheik A. M. Azahari, a 36-year-old former veterinarian turned printer, who is a great admirer of Mao Tse-tung but denies any allegiance to Communism. He was among the first to denounce the formation of Malaysia as a "neo-colonialist conspiracy," and has assumed leadership of a "movement to liberate North Borneo," whose aim is to federate Sabah, Sarawak and Brunei into a single People's Republic. Azahari led a near-successful revolt in 1962 and 300 of his supporters are still in Brunei central prison. The revolt was put down by the British. Azahari escaped across the border into Kalimantan, which is the Indonesian portion of the island of Borneo, with 1,300 of his supporters, who were taken into Indonesian army camps, and were joined there by 2,000 young Chinese from Sarawak, members of the secret Communist organization, the CCO. Azahari's forces and the 2,000 Chinese alone make up the "army for the liberation of North Borneo" whose existence provides President Sukarno with an excuse for massing 20,000 troops on the border. Azahari spends most of his time now in Djakarta, where he is seeking recognition as a government-in-exile, in which attempt he is strongly encouraged by Dipa Nusantura Aidit, the leader of the PKI. Sukarno would much rather have Indonesia annex the three North Borneo territories.

Britain has made Brunei the center of its military establishment for all of North Borneo. The staff headquarters of the Commonwealth forces under the command of General W. C. Walker, "director of the operational sector of Borneo," is located at the Victoria naval air base on the island of Labuan, but the general and his staff of officers live in Brunei itself and commute between the sultanate and Labuan several times a day. General Walker commands four brigades of British units, made up largely of Gurkhas, Malayans, Australians and New Zealanders, and representing an effective force of about 12,000 men. These units have been reinforced by helicopter-carried commando parachutists of the Special Air Service, who maintain a permanent surveillance patrol over the frontier, to detect Indonesian infiltration. But the greatest asset of the British chief of staff is the cooperation he gets from the forest tribes of North Borneo, the Dayak, Dusun and Bajau headhunters, who welcomed the return in force of the British and don't want them to leave. But this is because they believe the British will protect them from the Malayans.

From Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, a Special Air Service commando parachute unit took me by helicopter to a little Borneo village near the Indonesian border. My paratrooper friends melted away beneath the giant trees of the jungle. They would return for me in a couple of hours. For them, this was just another routine patrolling operation, doubtless typical of hundreds of similar patrols being carried out at the same time



"Don't clap yet – maybe the show's just started."

Jacques Jacquet-Francillon *is Far East correspondent for* Le Figaro.

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all over this mysterious jungle "front" of North Borneo. They were accompanied by three young Dayaks from the village, hired by the British army as border scouts, who spend their daylight hours hunting and know all the forest trails and fords.

Last week the entire population of a small Dayak tribe – about 100 men, women and children – arrived here from the other side of the border. Their village had been occupied by a detachment of the regular Indonesian army. The soldiers had plundered their meager stores of rice and molested their women. They also announced that officers were coming to recruit all the young men. So, led by the village chief, the whole village slipped silently away into the forest during the night.

Though the Dayaks are headhunters, they and the British coexist happily. The real danger in Sarawak is that in a population of slightly over 750,000, only 370,000 are indigenous and there are 130,000 Malayans from Malaysia or Sumatra, and 250,000 Chinese. Both of these groups pose serious problems for the British.

As good Moslems, the Malayans of Sarawak, along with their brothers in the Malay Peninsula, feel crushingly superior to the Dayaks who, however, still refuse to accept the Malay language in the schools their children attend. Instruction there continues to be entirely in the English language.

The Chinese community owing to its size is hard to assimilate, and is being infiltrated by the powerful secret Communist organization, the CCO, which is completely obedient to Peking. The British say the power of the CCO lies in the vow of silence which its leaders impose on all Chinese by threatening them with bloody reprisals. An officer confided to me: "If we are to disarm them, we must persuade the people to denounce them, and there is only one way of doing that: make them understand that the Communists have no monopoly on violence. You have to go in there and evacuate a village and burn it to the ground. Then, to avoid the same fate, the people in the next village will talk. This is how we won out over the guerrillas in the Malay Peninsula 10 years ago. But times are different now."

The UN Survey

Sukarno claims that the population of the former British colonies of North Borneo were not properly consulted on whether or not they wanted to participate in the Federation of Greater Malaysia. He criticizes the United Nations Survey Commission which, at his request, was sent to the colonies in September, 1963, to poll the reactions of the various inhabitants of Sarawak and Sabah to the idea of federation, and claims that the Survey Commission was much too sketchy in its investigations.

There is some truth in this. It is hard to believe that one month was enough time for U Thant's 10 investigators to traverse two territories as vast as these and as completely lacking in communications. I believe that if an honest referendum could be organized today the results would prove unfavorable to Kuala Lumpur.

The natives of Borneo are beginning to realize how poorly the federation has tackled their problems. It represents the granting of prerogatives and privileges to citizens of the Malay race, who are a tiny minority in their territories. I am inclined to believe that most of them would come out in favor of a return to the British colonial system. This would be as unpleasant for Tunku Abdul Rahman to accept as for President Sukarno. This goes for Sabah as well as for the Dayaks of Sarawak. In Sabah, the most numerous ethnic group are the Dusuns or Kadazans, 32 percent of the population, who maintain good relations with the Bajaus, Muruts, Binadans and Ilanuns. Taken together, these indigenous groups form a substantial majority of 65 percent, whose relations with the Chinese minority are excellent. The Chinese of Sabah are for the most part businessmen who for the time being at least are not greatly contaminated by Communist propaganda and who represent 23 percent of the population. The natives and the Chinese resent the advantages which the federal constitution grants to Sabah's nine percent minority of Malays.

It was considered impossible to weld Singapore and former Malaya into a federation without the participation of the two territories of North Borneo. The balance between the Chinese and Malayan racial communities, which is basic to Malaysia's existence today, is extremely fragile, and for this reason Sarawak and Sabah are just as essential today as yesterday in building the federation, in spite of the apparently insoluble problems which these two youthful states pose to the Kuala Lumpur government.

On a military plane, the London policy of strength has frozen the situation. Once again, therefore, the most feasible approach to the Indonesia-Malaysia quarrel appears to be through diplomatic channels. Offers to serve as mediator are flowing in from all sides. Mediation by a commission made up of four nations from the Afro-Asian group is being considered.

Malaysia wants to be left in peace to solve its internal contradictions and enjoy its enviable prosperity. Sukarno demands that all Commonwealth troops depart before he will consent. To give in to his wishes would be the same as delivering the whole island of Borneo into his hands within a few weeks. The moment that happens, the Federation of Greater Malaysia will cease to exist.

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Maximum Max

by Stanley Kauffmann

Will there ever be a Beerbohm backlash? Will he suffer the post-mortem pendulum fate of other well-esteemed writers? Must we brace ourselves for an eventual onslaught of harsh critiques telling us that his body of work is small, his manner too artificial, his references remote, his social devotions silly? And will we then, figuratively, have to wait another 30 or 40 years for him to be rediscovered? I think not; for, with Max, the whole process goes on within one's self but goes on speedily and returns to the happier side swiftly. In one's own mind the idea of Maxolatry sometimes gets tedious; it seems sometimes that the wrong people adore him, that he is too easy to adore, too accessible and caressable. But the counteracting element is Max himself, his writing, his drawing, his life. The briefest look at them cures one quickly of impatience. He is his own constantly recurring frontlash.

Max
by David Cecil
(Houghton Mifflin; $6.95)

Max Beerbohm's Letters to Reggie Turner
edited by Rupert Hart-Davis
(Lippincott; $6.50)

Two new books serve Max very well. David Cecil had the unusual distinction of appointment as biographer by his deceased subject; so the widowed Lady Beerbohm told him. His book, though not definitive, is thorough and thoroughly interesting. Rupert Hart-Davis has collected and edited Max's letters to his lifelong friend Reggie Turner. Cecil quotes frequently from the Turner letters, but to read them fully after finishing the biography is like going backstage after an enjoyable play, meeting two principal actors, learning relevant matters about them and the play that could not be included in the performance.

One of Cecil's merits is that he recognized the chief difficulty in his job and met it well. "Max's life was so uneventful that it is almost impossible to make a story of it." He has not tried, in any inflated dramatic way. He has simply concentrated on what Max was and did: sensibly confident that if Max himself was not bored before or after his early retirement to Italy and did not bore others, then what he conversed and corresponded and teased about would be interesting. A very agreeable virtue of this book is that its movement is easy and steady, growing from this reliance on its subject and the biographer's own familiarity with the milieu.

There are some small defects. Cecil is not quite the lapidary stylist that he is reputed to be; moments in this book would have made Max wince. The very first paragraph of the Prefatory Note contains a grammatical error. He can misuse words: "half a grain of Baudelaire is diluted in many gallons of London water." (He means "dissolved.") And what would Max have thought of the following sentences by his chosen biographer?

> "His talk, subtle and caressing, was notable for . . . its lambent flicker of fanciful or feline humor."
> "The ranks of Max's close friends had been more fatally thinned by the death of Aubrey Beardsley."
> "At the turn of the century there rocketed up into the English literary empyrean a coruscating new luminary of wit and fancy. . . ."

They seem efforts to be Maxine but are more like Savonarola Brown.

Cecil disclaims any attempt at extensive literary criticism, feeling it is out of place in biography. One can disagree with the opinion and yet be glad

A Tree Surgeon In New York

I praise the native flowers that can thrive
Outside a public park. I do not love
Thin willows that are moored to terraces,
Or penthouse roses. The ailanthus is,
For better or for worse, your only tree.
The others ape a country greenery.

What should I prune where you have fastened brick
To brick, and all the rest is white, electric
Dazzle that no flower can endure?
You praise the plane and gingko. But I swear
You are tree worshippers without a tree –
And I am a prophet in the wrong country.

You mimic me. From your geranium
You flick a dead leaf. Yet my green thumb
Does more for you than even nature does.
Think of me, high up in your offices –
You are a branch of all the medicines
I practice in the sky among sparse limbs.

HOWARD MOSS

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of the decision because his brief critical comments *en passant* are generally trite. There are also occasional statements that make one wonder at his omniscience: "Max's fantasies, even as a child, were always fantasies on an observed reality." Some of Cecil's theatrical history is questionable. It is doubtful that Max's half-brother Beerbohm Tree "was the undisputed king of the contemporary stage" during the lifetime of Henry Irving. John Barrymore can hardly be included among "famous" figures from the world of the theater in the summer of 1903 when he did not make his debut until October of that year.

Yet the book is generally satisfactory, sympathetic, enlightening. From it emerges this figure who was incredibly *himself* from boyhood. The eyes in his schoolboy photograph are not a boy's. His behavior at school was not that of a boy, anxious to be gregarious and indistinguishable. Even then he was an observer, a commentator and caricaturist, yet so amiable that he was not bullied like other boys who are "different." From his first real consciousness of his environment, his first perceptions of character and history, he seems to have opted out of change. Assured with the self-confidence given him by an adoring family whom he adored, nestled on the nice plateau of a small but comfortable independent income, he early chose to become a rebuke to onrushing civilization: by his nicety of mind and taste, his genially merciless conspectus of contemporaries, his decorum and dress. Ellen Moers writes in *The Dandy:*

"From Bulwer to Wilde every writer on dandyism took the dandy seriously as a present ideal or pleasure or nuisance or threat. Beerbohm was the first to take him, possibly with greater seriousness, as a remnant of the past."

Was he merely a snob? Cecil answers this, in commenting on Max's passion, as a young adult, for the company of the titled:

"He could enjoy the company of aristocrats – 'those tall cool ornate people' as he called them – but he did not romanticize them. He was further preserved from snobbishness by self-confidence. Snobbishness when it is not romantic comes from a sense of inferiority. . . . But Max suffered from no sense of inferiority. Whatever he might say, it was no trouble to him to feel easy at the great houses to which he was invited. Nor did he need to be a snob to enjoy himself there. At its best, Edwardian high society would have appealed to any man of civilized taste."

Any question of Max's being only a more or less amusing eccentric is flattened by the force of his gifts: he was one of the best caricaturists ever to touch drawing paper and certainly the best parodist who ever used English.

Twice he was nominated by Bernard Shaw: first, as "the incomparable," second as Shaw's successor as dramatic critic of *The Saturday Review*. Shaw, with larger scope, could appreciate his junior's qualities, but everything about Shaw – his socialism, his seeming non-estheticism, his very vegetarianism and Jaegers – inevitably disaffected the younger man. Max spent 12 years as a dramatic critic, and, paradoxically, this most continuously intense activity of his life is, to me, his least valuable. He never cared much for the theater as he said himself, and never really understood it. He applied to this work his discriminating literary taste and generally fine sensibilities but little specific expertness and no fundamental sympathy. The worst aspect of his critical career is that he served as exemplar for dwarfish descendants. Until his time (excepting Shaw) 19th-Century dramatic criticism had been heavily weighted in just the opposite manner. It was usually written by men who had high devotion to the theater, considerable knowledge of acting, poor literary taste, and unbearable style – like the eminent Clement Scott, with whom Max battled. Max was the first amateur exquisite among dramatic critics, and now – with such writers as the late Gibbs and the present McCarten of *The New Yorker*, for instance – we get much-debased imitations: the man-about-town approach without anything remotely approaching Max's general taste or superb style.

Apart from his writing and drawing, why does he exert so strong a personal appeal, more than many greater figures? For two reasons, I think. First, because we feel it would have been delightful to loaf with him, to *hear* him. Second, because he was the escapist *par excellence*, who made for himself a small enameled life. Each of us has a number of completely separate lives that he would like to live, no matter how rewarding the one he is actually engaged in; one of these dream lives, for many of us, is a Maxine existence, one that includes the swirl of brilliant society, retirement at 38 with a loved wife to a villa on the Italian Riviera and an existence of little blissful perfections, including the leisure and talent to spend as much as a year, if one likes, on elaborate, beautifully executed private jokes.

Cecil abstains from psychological comment about his subject. I do not cite this in reproof, but I point out that, in the psychoanalytical vein of criticism, Max is prime material. To begin with, there is his "elderliness" even as a boy. He was still an Oxford undergraduate when Wilde made his famous comment that the gods had bestowed on Max the gift of perpetual old age. Max was very friendly with the Alfred Douglas circle at Oxford, which was how he met Wilde, and openly teased them – with no hint of censure – about their sexual predilections. His only noted devotions to women were to Cissie Loftus, the actress and mimic, who was 15 at the time; to Grace Conover, an American actress with whom he had a long "flirtation" (Cecil's word); to Constance Collier, the famous actress, who

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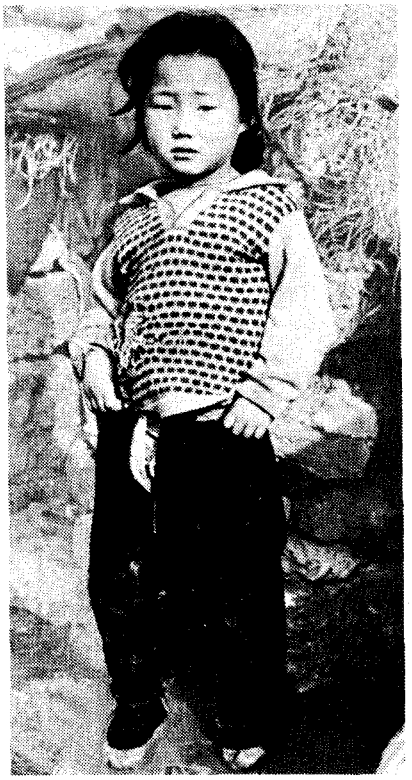
soon tired of him because he was so mild; and to Florence Kahn, another American actress with whom he had a long friendship and whom he married only when he had the money to retire from dramatic criticism and London life. (Max took an expectedly dim view of psychology and Freud, but it is an oddity that his letters during his long friendship and engagement with Miss Kahn are reminiscent of Freud's during his long engagement: one senses less true passion than a determination to fan verbally a fire that the writer feels may be cooling in himself. And I note that Frank Kermode recently called *Zuleika Dobson* "a proof that even the English can live with Freudian fantasy.") There are odd little uglinesses in Max's life: an uncharacteristically angry trip back to England to combat a published anecdote by Frank Harris; his lifelong passion for noisy railroad hotels; indeed the generally admitted structural ugliness of his Rapallo villa. He had a devotion to men friends about which he had constantly to propitiate his wife, although he claimed that she herself shared his affection for Reggie Turner.

Turner, the illegitimate son of a very rich man, was at Merton College, Oxford, part of the time with Max, was a member of the Wilde circle and was loyal to Wilde in his trouble. Subsequently he led a pleasant bachelor life. He wrote twelve now-forgotten novels, but the impression he gives is of tasteful indolence. He was evidently a man of charm whose main occupation was not authorship but friendship and who had wit of his own. He said of a pedantic biographer of Botticelli: "Dear Herbert Horne! poring over Botticelli's washing bills–and always a shirt missing!" He and Max had warm mutual affection. When he died in 1937, he bequeathed Max three thousand pounds.

Many of his letters to Max are at Harvard and are quoted, as necessary, in this excellent edition of Max's letters to him, fully and lucidly annotated by Hart-Davis. The illustrations in this book are much better reproduced than those in David Cecil's. Compare the identical photograph of Grace Conover in both books.

Like any such collection, these letters are not of consistent interest. But be-



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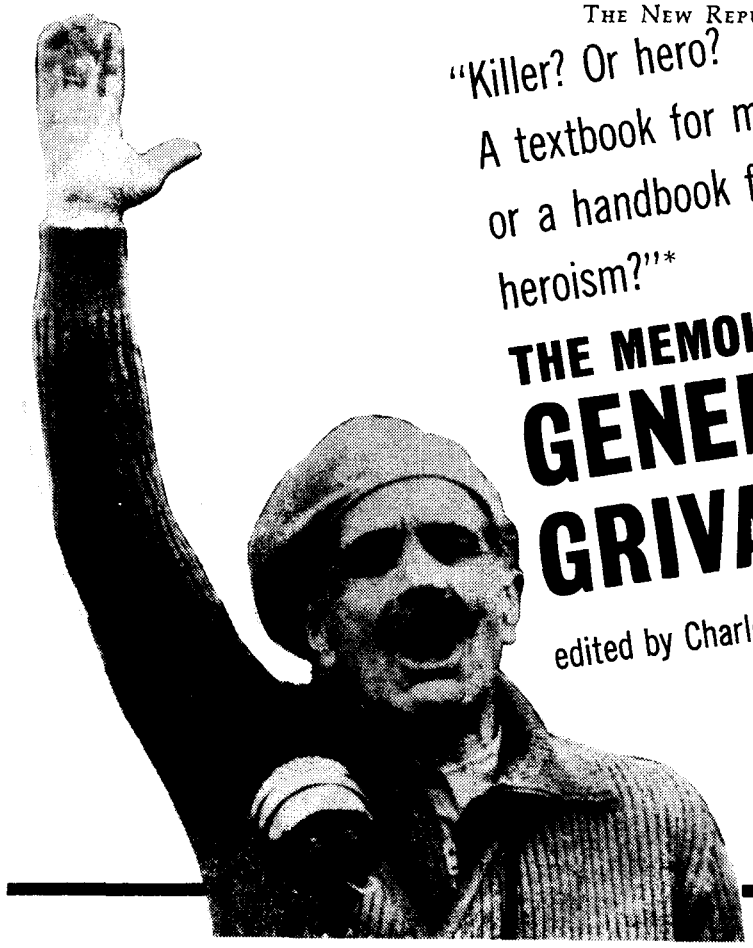

THE MEMOIRS OF GENERAL GRIVAS

edited by Charles Foley

GEORGE GRIVAS may be a brutal murderer—or a dedicated Greek patriot—depending on your viewpoint. One thing is certain: he is a master of guerrilla warfare. During World War II, he led his private army, "Xhi," against the Axis occupying forces; just after, against the Communists. From 1954 to 1959, he commanded the EOKA against the British on Cyprus. Now, as events build toward a new crisis, he is back — this time at the helm of the Greek Cypriot forces. A supreme egotist who writes with unexpected warmth, he now tells his amazing story—a story as controversial as it is packed with meaning for our convulsive time.

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sides the overall advantage of a deepened perspective of the author, some individual letters are of special value: *e.g.*, Max's description of a visit with his brother to Chicago brothels in 1895, his eyewitness account of an important day in Wilde's trial later the same year. There are a number of Max's only semi-jesting self-compliments, particularly when young: "I have no time to write more lest I should lapse into brilliancy. . . ." There are a number of Maxisms. (Maxims?) His play *The Happy Hypocrite* was running when Victoria died, and, to his annoyance, all theaters were closed for two weeks. "I shall insist that when I die [Victoria's] *Leaves from the Highlands* shall be withdrawn from circulation temporarily." On *Zuleika Dobson:* "It comes to 70,000 words, some ten of which are otiose."

I am glad to read that Hart-Davis is now working on a complete catalogue of Max's caricatures. It is easy to forget that Max spent a major portion of his working time as a graphic artist, that he had numerous London shows, that from drawing he got a great proportion of his initial and subsequent fame and income.

Some day Hart-Davis may want to make an anthology of writings about Max, for he evoked much that is good. If so, I hope he will not overlook the brief article in *The Spectator*, August 28, 1959, by Jenny Nicholson, granddaughter of the painter William Nicholson who was Max's friend, daughter of Robert Graves, herself now untimely dead. (It was she who told me in 1956 that Max's almost last words were: *"Grazie per tutto"* – thank you for everything. Graceful to the end.) Miss Nicholson describes the disposition of Max's books, clothes, furniture of his Rapallo villa after his widow's death, then concludes:

"The chapter is closing . . . one does fancy that Max may be in there still, standing quizzically in the sun-slatted shadows of the blue study, quietly humming an old music-hall song. His St. Bernard-lidded eyes gazing upwards, recalling the words, he does not happen to hear . . . the diesel hiss as the van pulls away in the direction of Posterity."

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THEATER

Bagatelles and Jacks

Judith
by Jean Giraudoux
(APA at the Phoenix Theater)
The Day the Whores Came Out to Play Tennis and *Sing to Me Through Open Windows*
by Arthur Kopit
(The Players Theater)

In *Judith*, the heroine perceives a blue vein throbbing in Holofernes's neck: that vein contains the only blood in the play. Giraudoux has a passion for such particulars, but his passion seems to stop there. Since he shows no inclination to probe below the subcutaneous areas of his characters, *Judith* is singularly stiff, inert, and cold. The play, to be sure, is an inferior work of its author's, but I should probably confess a prejudice here: even at his best – in *The Madwoman of Chaillot*, say, or *Intermezzo*, or *The Trojan War Will Not Take Place* – Giraudoux strikes me as an extremely fragile fantasist. There is something very artificial about his writings: they have the look of costume jewelry, bagatelles which sparkle and glitter without throwing off much light. This may be what is meant by Giraudoux's *preciosité:* the capacity to simulate the surface of art without ever engaging the depths of reality. In our own country, we have an overworked term for such semi-serious art – *middlebrow* – and I have little doubt that, born in a different time and at a different place, Giraudoux could have been a kingpin in the American cultural revolution. Who among our dramatists so effectively combines such solemnity with such superficiality? Underneath the portentous exterior of Giraudoux's plays grinds a well-oiled Boulevard machine which is run by little more than gas and wind.

Take *Judith*. This, like most of Giraudoux's plays, is a reworking of an ancient story in modern terms. But whether the author gets his material from Greek mythology or (as in the case of *Judith*) from Old Testament Apochrypha, his purpose and technique remain the same – the technique, to invent trivial motives for heroic actions; the technique, to make the legendary lives of saints, martyrs, and heroes conform to the domesticated experience of local theater-going bourgeois. Giraudoux's debater's platform reminds one of Shaw's, and *Judith* is somewhat influenced by *St. Joan;* but while both dramatists are inclined to please the crowd, Giraudoux is anxious to flatter it as well, and his ideas are usually scattered into a leaven of pure romance. The great "insight" of *Judith*, for example – which comes after three acts of exceedingly tedious word-play – is that the famous virgin-heroine killed the Assyrian general, Holofernes, not to save the Jewish people, as legend has it, but rather to preserve the marvelous memory of her first night of love with him. This is the sort of thing usually dreamed up by reporters for *True Romances*. Giraudoux, to be sure, quickly introduces an archangel *ex machina* to inform Judith that she was unwittingly guided by the hand of the Almighty. But what really disturbs one about this dramatist is his apparent lack of interest in any of the subjects he debates so endlessly, whether God, sacrifice, Jewish history, or (this least of all) female chastity. What really concerns him most, I fear, is that pulsing vein in Holofernes's neck.

At the APA, the production matches the play, being sumptuously appointed, closely detailed, well-articulated, ultimately ersatz. This professional ensemble functions smoothly through long association with one another, but the performances lack any fire or subtlety. Rosemary Harris does not seem to me to have the right emotional bead on Judith: she plays the character as a charming, lively, rather lightheaded chatterbox, scanting Judith's modicum of visionary passion. As Holofernes, Paul Sparer is vaguely supercilious, rolling his eyes and resonating his vocal organs; I wish he would stop doing bits on John Barry-

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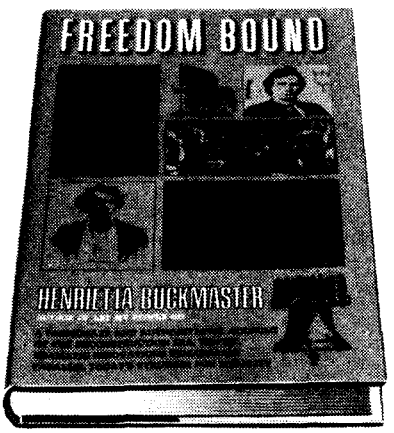

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more and pay more attention to the heart of his roles. I liked Richard Jordan pretty well as John, and Nancy Marchand is good, especially in her opening scene, as Judith's anti-self, the prostitute Susanna. As for the rest of the company, it is solid, if uninspired, and Ellis Rabb's direction is sure, if flossy: there is a little too much chiffon on stage, too many oiled naked torsos, and the setting in Holofernes's tent is too reminiscent of Cecil B. De Mille's Judaea. But I do not wish to repeat myself about this ensemble. The APA remains, with all its high intentions, a kind of superior stock company, lacking not talent so much as identity, aspiration, vision. Its dedication is wholly to the theater – but how can one love the theater unless it functions as the instrument of some higher purpose? One might ask the same question of the playwright, Jean Giraudoux.

After the opening of his two new plays, Arthur Kopit was savaged by the press, a development which should surprise nobody familiar with the fickleness of American cultural fashions. Kopit was praised much too quickly on the basis of much too little, and it was inevitable that an angry reaction would set in, not only among those who had originally disliked his first play, but among those who suddenly realized they had overestimated it. On the other hand, Kopit himself is partly responsible for the condescending tone employed by his reviewers. Since he often writes like a gifted spoiled child, he practically invites a spanking. Then, too, Kopit's coy playfulness palls very swiftly. One has the feeling sometimes that he would rather compose titles than plays, and those long, winding tropes are too much like attention-getting mechanisms, full of simpers and winks. I suspect Kopit thinks of himself as the boy who played jacks with the ogre – the ogre being the adult community. At the end of that story, remember, the ogre had become a little boy himself, having been whittled down to size by child's play.

As one of those who found *Oh Dad, Poor Dad* little more than a sophomore exercise, though, I must concede that *The Day The Whores Came Out to Play Tennis* struck me as something of an improvement (more like a regression is *Sing to Me Through Open Windows*, a sentimental effusion on which the windows should have remained shut). Kopit's ogres, in this new play, are no longer ravenous women but rather insensitive men – country-club Jews who apparently represent for him the world of rigid convention – and the play follows the destruction of this shaky stronghold by eighteen or twenty whores who unaccountably slip in to play tennis on the premises. There is a seed of an idea here which Kopit aborts, partly because his taste fails him at crucial moments (the whores at one point, for example, bare their backsides and break wind in unison). But some of his vaudeville turns are funny, the dialogue bounces with aggression, a few of the characters possess a bizarre originality, and the thought of a country club being destroyed by tennis balls is eccentric enough to tickle my fancy. I think the play might have seemed more amusing in a more appropriate production; but Gerald Freedman's direction, while occasionally inventive with business, is flat and literal, and most of the older actors haven't found the proper style for surrealist farce. Anthony Holland, however, as a retarded hysteric who hates faggots, and John D. Irving as the smirking pansy British butler who goads him are extremely funny. I didn't like the play, but I came away thinking that if Kopit ever puts away his jacks and exorcises his ogres, he might just possibly produce a mature satiric art.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

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ART

The Seriousness of Seymour Lipton

Sculpture in our time has tended to be immune from the plague-like outbreaks that regularly afflict painting, sweeping through entire exhibitions of young talent, painters in mid-career and old timers as if everyone had forgotten how to paint and could only splatter and smear, copy billboards or do chromatic scales, depending on the direction of the wind. Sculptors aren't so giddy. No doubt this stability comes from the nature of the work. Bronze, steel, stone and clay are all heavy, difficult substances compared to paint. Chance can and does play a small part in sculpture as it does in everything, but the sculptor cannot rely on luck to the extent that a painter can. Throw a piece of steel on the floor and it will just lie there, basically the same as it was in your hand. You have to do something to it; nothing is just going to happen.

There is also an inner seriousness to sculpture that Michelangelo seems to have felt deeply about. He believed sculpture to be a superior art to painting because it has three dimensions instead of only two. This is to say that, in the 16th-Century view, a sculpture was an actual thing itself, while a painting was only a representation of some other thing, such as a landscape, a person or an historical event. Un-

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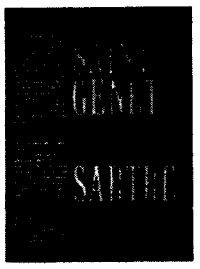

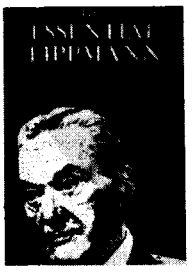

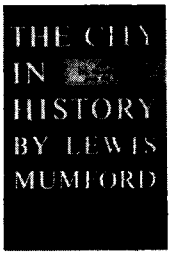

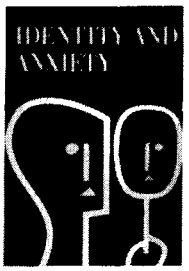

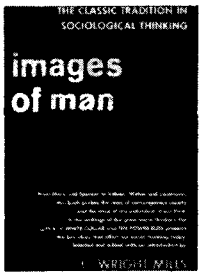

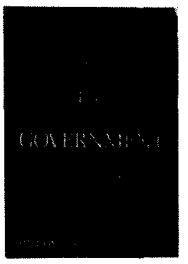

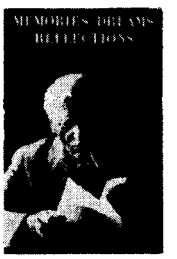

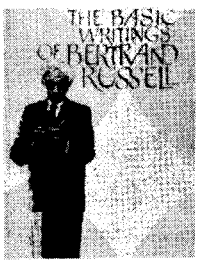

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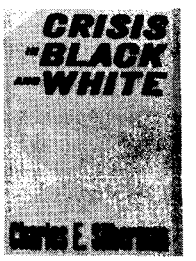

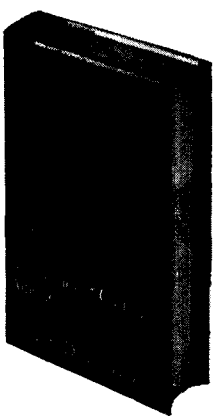

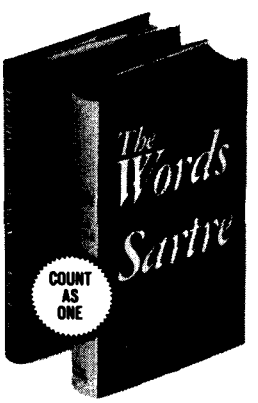

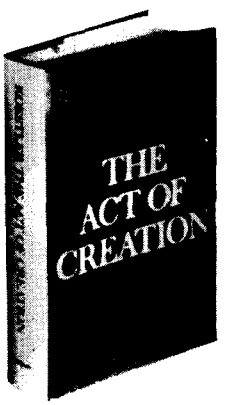

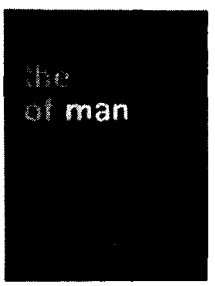

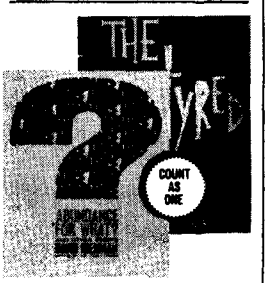

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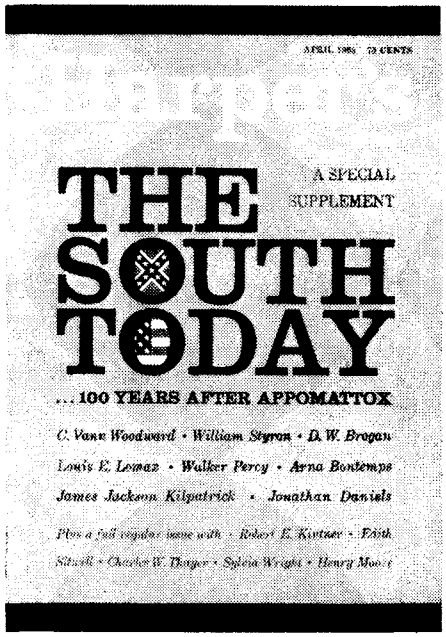
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Among the other contributors are novelist William Styron, British historian D. W. Brogan, novelist Walker Percy, Whitney M. Young, Jr. of the National Urban League, Negro playwright LeRoi Jones, Louis D. Rubin, Jr. and Arna Bontemps.

ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW!

doubtedly there was some feeling about that in the mid-20th Century passion for painting to be itself only and not the representation of other things. It was a simple-minded approach to an interesting philosophical problem and foundered finally on the fact that such painting came to be regarded – and very highly regarded – not at all as a thing in itself, but as the record or "traces" of the painter's actions in painting it, or, in short, as a representation of some other thing, namely the actions, thus proving that once you direct grown-up activity to the evasion or dissolution of paradoxes devised to entertain the adolescent student of logic, you are lost.

There is no more rewarding exemplar of the innate seriousness of sculpture than Seymour Lipton. There is gravitas in every work that comes from his hand, a silence and solemnity entirely fitting the ideas and visions he works with. More or less in passing, he solves the logical paradox of artistic representation noted above. The work is abstract sculpture, but at the same time it represents elemental forces of the earth and the mind. Moreover, without ever remotely approaching anything like wit or humor, Lipton does manage, every time, to embody a pleasing and delicate lightness in the gravity of his vision.

Any explanation of how these opposites are combined is bound to be wrong because it will sound as if two separate things were arbitrarily brought together and the work isn't really like that at all. Nevertheless: Lipton is a sculptor of fabrication, welding together large sheets of Monel metal which are shaped and joined in forms of rough, crude strength; often the sheets are curved and sometimes they are joined together in a rough, flat box or other hollow shape. The forms themselves are almost always suggestive of nature in growth. The crocus now is a handy example of the force of nature that Lipton is extraordinarily sensitive to. To most of us, throwing a glance at the garden, the little yellow or purple buds are just that, pleasant and surprising splashes of color at the tag end of the dreary black and white of winter. Fine. But look at the crocus, or even think about it seriously, and you see a great deal more going on than spots of color around the yard. The earth is still very hard indeed when the flower breaks through it; to accomplish that, the bud is very tightly wrapped and the drive is tremendous, although small and slow. This kind of slow steady power – the force, after all, that can bring down the strongest walls if given the time – is what much of Lipton's work is about. His forms always convey that contained, implacable power from within the earth.

But this earthly power is not only that; as in the crocus, it is also beauty to the eye and beauty, upon examination, of great delicacy and intricacy. This is where the second half of the Lipton combination comes in. For the Monel metal sheets are braised with a coating of another metal, usually either bronze or nickel-silver, laid on inch by inch so as to cover completely the large plane surfaces. Here again is the process of accretion, akin to that which builds crystals or stalagmites, issuing in a sustained and softened shimmer; the surface takes light beautifully and will draw the faintest light to itself, yet it does not dazzle; the forms are always clear and strong within the reflected glow.

Thus described, the work sounds as if it were readily divisible into surface and substance, but, like form and content, the two don't really come apart at all. The powerful forms of Lipton's sculpture are not imaginable without the delicate overall surface of the braised on metals. Somewhere along the line of creation, the surface becomes the substance and somewhere along the line of Lipton's own development the two things fused completely, as indeed the two things they represent or stand for are totally fused in nature.

There is an inside-outside quality to a lot of Lipton's work, suggesting that the elemental forces involved are serving a protective function: "Gateway," just over six feet high, is framed by two columns, as if they were indeed the posts of a gate; between them is suspended a roughly spherical shape which looks as if it had burst open in growth to reveal another sphere within, as if a seed were coming through the gateway to life.

Again, there is a spiral or corkscrew form to other pieces: "The Mill" is

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such a shape and suggests that folk-tale mill at the bottom of the sea. The pure thrust, quite close to that of the crocus, may be seen, for one instance, in "The Bridge," where the three planes of a Z form are pierced by three tall spears of shaped metal; their bases, interestingly, are balanced by a seed-pod form.

Lipton very rarely suggests a human figure in his work, but he does in "Defender," a seven foot piece cleft as a robed figure would be, with a sweep of metal as if it were an arm curved around three or four smaller forms. "Leviathan" loosely follows a basic whale-shape, but the open form and gaping mouth are closer in spirit to the great beasts of both Jonah and Thomas Hobbes. "Chinese Bird" is yet another variation on the use of animal rather than vegetable or mineral references. A flat curved base supports the bird, which is another base growing into a crude conical shape supporting a loosely castellated "head" and the three flaps of a tail. The form, given its title, instantly recalls the emperor's nightingale of the story, for here is indeed the precious bird made of precious metal; but then the eye perceives also that the base planes curving away from each other, the flaps of the tail and the rough cone with its head also suggest an elegantly drawn three-dimensional ideogram and then the mind holds both these readings at once and the piece enchants.

Included in his current New York show are three examples of another use Lipton has found for his forms and surfaces, another application or another discovery. Under titles such as "Manuscript" or "Codex" he suggests the leaves of another ancient source of strength and wisdom, the writings of the past, with forms bursting through the leaves as if roots in hidden caves or the signature of a prophet in his prophecy pushing out from dry pages.

So Lipton, almost like a force of nature himself, steadily pushes forward his exploration of how his own individual way in art can illuminate and be illuminated by one area after another of roots and rocks, of man and beast and ancient wisdom, and of the metal of the mind, dug out and forged within the earth. Frank Getlein

Correspondence

Psychological Testing

Sirs:

I believe that the criticisms and warnings such as have appeared in recent issues of *The New Republic* about the government use of psychological tests for screening, selection, rejection and ejection of personnel are justified. However, the superficial ill-informed attack on psychological tests and on all psychological examinations by implication seems to be an effort to play to the fantasies people may have about the mysteries and powers of psychiatry and psychology while muddying the major issues of individual civil rights versus government security and the power of the state.

Since employees in Civil Service cannot be fired merely for incompetence and inefficiency without the greatest of difficulty (how can one *prove* laziness, lack of interest, lack of devotion to a job, or inability to get along with supervisors or fellow workers?) a higher quality selection procedure is demanded. A government agency may be stuck with its mis-selection until an individual's retirement. For the same reason, dismissal requires formal and specific reasons. It is at this point that the psychiatrist and psychologist must be most clear about their roles. Ideally they should refuse to participate in any diagnostic procedure involving a person who is sent because of disciplinary, management, or performance difficulties. The confusion arises when a person's emotional state or personality is said to be related to the personnel problem. In one sense all personnel problems are psychological in origin. But so also are all crime, marital and school problems. Yet shifting administrative or disciplinary responsibility (or in courts, judicial responsibility) onto the back of psychiatrists or psychologists directly or indirectly (by overweighing their opinions) is an unwelcome and dangerous position for the profession. This is an evident evil when a person loses his job allegedly on the basis of a psychiatric or psychological evaluation.

Very often the evaluative procedure is ordered after the informal decision has been made to discharge, so that the blame for it is shifted and the underlying issues are obscured. However, the other side of the same coin appears when the psychiatrist or psychologist saves the reputation and career of a person by explaining to administrators the emotional illness source of the job or interpersonal difficulties, thereby making possible the preservation of a career often concurrent with psychiatric treatment. This is precisely what makes the position of the psychiatrist so difficult in such a setting.

Should he be the psychological rubber-stamp of his employer? Should he see only personnel *not* involved in contemplated administrative action, (but what of the person in need of help who is also in administrative difficulty)? Should he see whoever is administratively referred but refrain from any diagnosis or recommendation? Should

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he see whoever is referred and make only diagnoses and recommendations that will be construed as being in the best interests of the employee? (Then his silences will be understood as a negative report!) Should he see whoever is referred and make a medical psychiatric diagnosis without recommendation? . . .

My view is that the agency consultant whether government or private (*e.g.*, industry, schools) cannot bury his head in the sand but must accept the medical responsibility for the diagnosis and treatment (or referral) of the mental health problems of the members of the agency for which he consults. He must respect the privileged communications of the designated patient or client and if not completely possible, must inform the person of this. He must, even when under great or subtle pressure (patriotism, security, political, his own position, etc.) resist any attempt to be used to injure any individual.

This often requires the psychiatrist to make explicit statements in his reports designating the limitations of his evaluation in regard to administrative decisions and predictions, or at times refusing to answer the administrator's loaded non-medical questions (*e.g.* "can this person distinguish right from wrong" or "does he have homosexual tendencies"), and the avoidance of judgmental diagnoses (*e.g.* Passive Aggressive Personality). The predicament, then, is a complicated dynamic affair. In response to pressures on the psychiatrist to expedite administrative inclinations he must apply equal counter-pressure to maintain his own professional integrity and the rights of his patient. Eventually administrators learn what are the limits and proper role of the psychiatrist.

Every influential individual or group in our society must arrive at an explicit balance (hopefully nearest to the individual's end of the spectrum) between an individual's rights and society's rights. For example, society's right to rapid complete news coverage against the individual's right to privacy (or a fair trial). The basic issue will not be clarified by scapegoating one group to relieve the guilt of another by avoiding what frightens us all: that there can be mentally ill people in any part and on any level of our awfully powerful government – and its military establishment.

Joseph Hartog, MD
Palo Alto, Calif.

Medicare and Health Insurance

Sirs:

That discussion of national health insurance financed in some fashion from public revenues should raise considerable controversy is understandable. But this does not justify the high percentage of misinformation which has been presented as fact in the Correspondence columns of *The New Republic* off and on since February 13.

It is not true, as Dr. Covell wrote to you, that British doctors are required to see a large number of patients to earn a living. Their pay is based on the number of people on their list rather than on the number of calls made by patients. A doctor is paid for a person even though he may require no medical treatment at all during the course of a year. This form of remuneration was devised because British doctors did not want to be salaried like civil servants. . . .

Dr. Galman's letter makes the wild charge that two-thirds of the graduating British doctors leave the country. This fictitious figure exists only in his imagination. Dr. Seale, who has been a critic of the National Health Service and who initiated the discussion of doctor immigration from Britain, first estimated, in *The British Medical Journal* of March 17, 1962, that about one-third of the total annual output of British medical schools left the country. Two years later, in the May 2, 1964, issue of that journal, he responded to heavy criticism with another report based on what he felt were more precise and accurate calculations. In that report he stated that an average of about 400 doctors, or about one-quarter of the annual British-born output of British medical schools, emigrated each year. . . .

On the other side of the argument, Mr. Keim is incorrect in claiming that no one in Britain needs to have national insurance if he does not wish to have it. It is true that no one is forced to accept medical treatment under the NHS if he does not want it. He can pay a doctor for his medical treatment just as a citizen of this country can. But regardless of whether he does so, a deduction is still made from his pay each week to help finance the NHS. Furthermore a portion of each tax dollar helps to finance the NHS.

These sorts of inaccuracies are the reason I, as a professor of British politics, always begin my discussions of the NHS by telling my students to forget whatever they think they know about socialized medicine in Britain for their knowledge probably is incorrect.

Finally I would like to add one other point to this discussion. In 1962 and 1964 Research Services Ltd. conducted a survey for the Association of British Pharmaceutical Industries and found that 88 percent of those interviewed

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felt that the NHS was working reasonably well. Thirty percent felt there was *no way* in which the NHS was unsatisfactory. Although doctor support for the NHS dropped by 17 percentage points from 1962 to 1964, still in 1964 62 percent of the doctors interviewed felt that the NHS was working reasonably well.

Jorgen Rasmussen
Tucson, Arizona

The arguments advanced against medicare and national health insurance leave me cold. I was an only child born of parents past 40. When I was 19 my father died leaving me with the burden of looking after mother. As time went on her health deteriorated and it became necessary to place her in a nursing home at rates I could hardly afford on my wages as a truck driver. It was made abundantly clear that we could expect no help until our resources were exhausted.

I had Blue Cross for myself through my employer but they would not enroll my mother. After several years I was broke and living in a distant state to avoid harassment.

As to the much touted doctor-patient relationship. I do not recall any doctor spending much time to explain to me the processes of aging, senility etc; but they did complain about night calls.

The medical profession has gotten along with the compulsory workmen's compensation insurance for years. Why can't they get along with an extended insurance which covers a man off the job and into retirement? And if government or army-style medicine is so bad why do we hear so few complaints about veterans hospitals? How do the present facilities for the destitute compare?

M.G.
Miami, Florida

Yale's Tenure Trouble

Sirs:

Lest one take for granted what Mr. Care hopefully posits in his quiet article on Yale's tenure trouble (*NR*, March 27), let me point out that in his concluding paragraph he contradicts (presumably intentionally) two specious ideals earlier introduced. He says that "the junior scholar knows what he must do to earn the academic *freedom* and economic security which tenure represents." But in his final paragraph he refers to only "a curious species of freedom." And he also says that "a department of professionals . . . performs . . . for the chief aim of furthering research in their field." Then Mr. Care again undercuts his ideal in the final paragraph: "The students do not win on either system, and it is not clear that research in the humanities does either."

As for the first point, let me say that the function of the probationary period which the junior scholar serves is meant not to evaluate him but to brainwash him. A man can be sized up in a single year, but it takes from three to five years to make sure that he will conform so that by the time he receives tenure he will not deviate.

As for the second point, it is clear that in the publish or perish sytem, the aim of publication of research is not to advance research, but to advance the prestige of the school represented by the publishee. In practice the quality of the book or articles which a man has published is irrelevant; the quantity is of sole importance in determining who is hired, fired, and kept. The function of publication, from the administrator's point of view, is to provide advertising for the school, not to announce new knowledge and insight.

Were Mr. Care a less careful writer than he is, one would suspect he had deceived himself into believing that economic security and publication were really academic freedom and research.

Charles Mitchell
San Diego, Calif.

The Chinese and the Olympics

Sirs:

In the article "Interview with Mao" in your February 27 issue, the statement is made on page 20 that "United States excluded China from the Olympics." This is not true. The Chinese Olympic Committee withdrew from the Olympic Movement because, in conformity with Olympic principles of no discrimination by reason of race, color, religion or political affiliations, the Formosa Chinese were permitted to participate. This fact is well known in China as well as the rest of the world.

Avery Brundage, President
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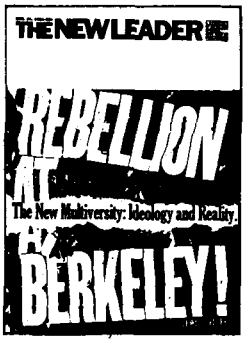

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Soon afterward, it outraged some of its most influential subscribers—including members of Congress, and almost everybody at the State Department—by publishing a biting series of articles by Theodore Draper on U.S.-Cuban relations. (Among other things, these articles revealed a well-kept secret: that the State Department had made an undercover attempt at *rapprochement* with Castro way back in 1960—including an offer of aid.)

But don't think it's just The New Leader's political articles that bite into its readers. More than one devoted subscriber has yelped at an Albert Bermel drama review, a John Simon movie review, a Hilton Kramer art column, a David Boroff piece on the TV scene, or Dika Newlin on music. And some readers of gadfly literary critic Stanley Edgar Hyman do more than just yelp. A long-time subscriber, Mrs. M. of Wichita, Kansas, finally gave up and cancelled after reading Hyman's provocative column "In Defense of Pornography."

Why then, one wonders, does this ungrateful little magazine continue to have any writers, readers, or financial supporters. The first part of this question is the easiest to answer.

Men like (and as unalike as) Daniel Bell, Eric Bentley, Juan Bosch, Milovan Djilas, Ralph Ellison, Louis Fischer, Michael Harrington, Sidney Hook, Hubert H. Humphrey, George F. Kennan, Martin Luther King Jr., Marvin Kitman, Robert Lekachman, George Lichtheim, S. L. A. Marshall, Karl E. Meyer, Hans J. Morgenthau, Howard Nemerov, Reinhold Niebuhr, A. H. Raskin, John P. Roche, Bertrand Russell, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Jacques Sous-telle, and Ronald Steel continue to contribute articles without pay to The New Leader for just three reasons: It will let them say what they want to say, the way they want to say it, to the people they want to say it to.

Which brings us to the part about the people who read The New Leader.

There aren't very many of them. The New Leader's total circulation is equal to only 0.022% of the adult population of the United States.

But it is a pretty special 0.022%.

Senator Paul Douglas reads The New Leader. And Willy Brandt reads The New Leader. And T. S. Eliot, John Dos Passos, Chet Huntley, Marvin Kalb, Dwight Macdonald, Richard C. Hottelet, Norman Cousins, William F. Buckley Jr., Leo Cherne and Max Lerner read The New Leader.

And the editors of The New York Times, Time Magazine, Fortune, Life, The Washington Post, The New York Post, and the St. Louis Post Dispatch (all of which have sometimes quoted from, praised, criticized, or publicly argued with The New Leader) read The New Leader. And the members of the Overseas Press Club (which has awarded its Citation for the "best magazine reporting of foreign affairs" to The New Leader) read The New Leader. And that's almost 0.022% of the adult population of the United States right there.

Presumably all these people continue to read The New Leader—even though it frequently infuriates them—because it airs facts, ideas, insights, and viewpoints long before they get aired anywhere else. As Murray Kempton put it, "The New Leader has always been about two years ahead of The New York Times in telling you what is going on in the world."

We think there are probably about 5,000 more people who would find this an adequate reason to subscribe. 5,000 more people who would enjoy and be stimulated by this toothy, audacious, ungrateful little magazine which they will find prophetic, candid, irritating, revealing, and—sometimes—even wrong.

Our coupon gives you a chance to find out whether or not you are one of them. It will bring you a year's subscription, 26 issues, for $4.50. (Less than half the newsstand price.) If, after four issues, you feel you've been bitten too much and you'd like to tear up your subscription and send us the pieces, go ahead. We'll refund the balance. Or write us a furious letter, if you feel that that would be revenge enough. We'll probably publish it.

The New Leader *does* give its readers plenty of chances to bite back.

The New Leader

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